LETTERS,

WRITTEN BY THE LATE

JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D.

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN;

AND

SEVERAL OF HIS FRIENDS.

FROM THE YEAR 1703 TO 1740.

PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINALS;

WITH

NOTES EXPLANATORY AND HISTORICAL,

BY JOHN HAWKESWORTH, L. L. D.

VOLUME III.

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MDCCLXVI.

W. Musgrave.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

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LETTERS

LETTERS

FROM AND TO

DOCTOR SWIFT.

LETTER CCCXI.

Mr. GAY and the Ducheſs of —— to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Ameſbury, Auguſt the 28th, 1732.

MR. *Hoare* hath a hundred and odd pounds of your's in his hands, which you may have whenever you will pleaſe to draw upon me for it. I know I am more indebted to you, I mean, beſides the *South Sea* bond of a hundred, that ſtill ſubſiſts; but I cannot tell you exactly how your account ſtands till I go to town. I have money of my own too in Mr. *Hoare*'s hands, which I know not at preſent how to diſ-

poſe of. I believe I ſhall leave it without intereſt till I go to town, and ſhall then be at the ſame loſs how to diſpoſe of it as now. I have an intention to get more money next winter; but am prepared for diſappointments, which I think it is very likely I ſhall meet with; yet as you think it convenient and neceſſary that I ſhould have more than I have, you ſee I do what I can to oblige you. If my deſigns ſhould not take effect, I deſire you will be as eaſy under it as I ſhall be; for I find you ſo ſolicitous about me, that you cannot bear my diſappointments as well as I can. If I don't write intelligibly to you, it is becauſe I would not have the clerks of the poſt-office know every thing I am doing. If you would come here this ſummer, you might, with me, have helped to have drank up the duke's wine, and ſaved your money. I am grown ſo ſaving of late, that I very often reproach myſelf with being covetous; and I am very often afraid that I ſhall have the trouble of having money, and never have the pleaſure of making uſe of it. I wiſh you could live among us; but not unleſs

leſs it could be to your eaſe and ſatisfaction. You inſiſt upon your being miniſter of *Ameſbury*, *Dawley*, *Twickenham*, *Riſking*, and a prebendary of *Weſtminſter*. For your being miniſter in thoſe places, I cannot promiſe you; but I know you might have a good living in every one of them. Gambadoes I have rid in, and I think them a very fine and uſeful invention; but I have not made uſe of them ſince I left *Devonſhire*. I ride and walk every day to ſuch exceſs, that I am afraid I ſhall take a ſurfeit of it. I am ſure, if I am not better in health after it, it is not worth the pains. I ſay this, though I have this ſeaſon ſhot nineteen brace of partridges. I have very little acquaintance with our vicar; he doth not live among us, but reſides in another pariſh. And I have not played at backgammon with any body ſince I came to *Ameſbury*, but lady *Harold*, and lady *Bateman*. As Dr. *Delaney* hath taken away a fortune from us *, I expect to be recommended in *Ireland*. If authors of godly books are intitled to ſuch fortunes, I deſire you would recom-

* The doctor married Mrs. *Pendarves*.

mend me as a moral one; I mean, in *Ireland*, for that recommendation would not do in *England*.

The DUCHESS begins.

The ducheſs will not lend you two or three thouſand pounds to keep up your dignity, for reaſons to *Strada dal Poe*; but ſhe had much rather give you that, or ten thouſand pounds more, than lay it out in a fine petticoat, to make herſelf reſpected.

I believe, for all you give Mr. *Gay* much good advice, that you are a very indiſcreet perſon yourſelf, or elſe you would come here to take care of your own affairs; and not be ſo indiſcreet as to ſend for your money over to a place where there is none. Mr. *Gay* is a very rich man; for I really think he does not wiſh to be richer; but he will, for he is doing what you bid him; though, if it may not be allowed, he will acquire greater honour, and leſs trouble. His covetouſneſs, at preſent, is for health, which he takes ſo much pains for, that he does not allow himſelf time to enjoy it. Neither does he allow himſelf time to be either

either abſent or preſent. When he began to be a ſportſman, he had like to have killed a dog; and now every day I expect he will kill himſelf, and then the bread and butter affair can never be brought before you. It is really an affair of too great conſequence to be truſted in a letter; therefore pray come on purpoſe to decide it. If you do, you will not hear how familiar I am with goody *Dobſon*; for I have ſeen goody *Dobſon* play at that with ſo ill a grace, that I was determined never to riſque any thing ſo unbecoming. I am not beloved, neither do I love any creature, except a very few, and thoſe for not having any ſort of merit, but only becauſe it is my humour. In this rank Mr. *Gay* ſtands firſt, and yourſelf next, if you like to be reſpected upon theſe conditions. Now do you know me? He ſtands over me, and ſcolds me for ſpelling ill; and is very peeviſh (and ſleepy) that I do not give him up the pen; for he has yawn'd for it a thouſand times. We both once heard a lady (who at that time we both thought well of) wiſh that ſhe had the beſt living in *England* to give you. It

was not I; but I do wiſh it with all my heart, if Mr. *Gay* does not hang out falſe lights for his friend.

Mr. G A Y goes on here.

I had forgot to tell you, that I very lately received a letter from *Twickenham*, in which was this paragraph: " *Motte* and another " idle fellow, I find, have been writing to " the Dean, to get him to give them ſome " copy-right, which ſurely he will be not " ſo indiſcreet as to do, when he knows " my deſign, and has done theſe two " months and more. Surely I ſhould be " a properer perſon to truſt the diſtribu- " tion of his works with, than ſo com- " mon a bookſeller. Here will be nothing " but the ludicrous and little things; " none of the political, or any things of " conſequence, which are wholly at his " own diſpoſal. But, at any rate, it would " be ſilly in him to give a copy-right to " any, which can only put the manner of " publiſhing them hereafter out of his own " and his friend's power into that of mer- " cenaries."

I really

I really think this is a very uſeful precaution, conſidering how you have been treated by theſe ſort of fellows.

The duke is faſt aſleep, or he would add a line.

LETTER CCCXII.

Sir WILLIAM FOWNES to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Iſland-Bridge, 9th Sept. 1732.

IT has been the obſervation of travellers (as I have been frequently told) that, in all the countries they have ſeen, they never met with fewer public charitable foundations than in this kingdom.

Private charities, no doubt, will have their reward; but public are great incitements: and good examples often draw others on, though grudgingly; and ſo a good work be done, no matter who are the workmen.

When I was lord mayor, I ſaw ſome miſerable lunatics expoſed, to the hazard of others, as well as themſelves. I had ſix

ſtrong cells made at the workhouſe for the moſt outrageous, which were ſoon filled; and by degrees, in a ſhort time, thoſe few drew upon us the ſolicitations of many, till by the time the old corporation ceaſed, we had, in that houſe, forty and upwards. The door being opened, intereſt ſoon made way to let in the fooliſh, and ſuch like, as mad folks. Theſe grew a needleſs charge upon us, and had that courſe gone on, by this time the houſe had been filled with ſuch. The new corporation got rid of moſt of theſe by death, or the care of friends, and came to a reſolution not to admit any ſuch for the future; and the firſt denial was to a requeſt of the earl of *Kildare*, which put a full ſtop to all farther applications. As I take it, there are, at this time, a number of objects which require aſſiſtance; and probably many may be reſtored, if proper care could be taken of them. There is no public place for their reception, nor private undertakers, as about *London*. Friends and relations here would pay the charge of their ſupport and attendance, if there were a place for ſecuring ſuch lunatics.

I own

I own to you, I was for ſome time averſe to our having a public *Bedlam*, apprehending we ſhould be overloaded with numbers, under the name of mad. Nay, I was apprehenſive our caſe would ſoon be like that in *England*; wives and huſbands trying who could firſt get the other to *Bedlam*. Many, who were next heirs to eſtates, would try their ſkill to render the poſſeſſor diſordered, and get them confined, and ſoon run them into real madneſs. Such like conſequences I dreaded, and therefore have been ſilent on the ſubject till of late. Now I am convinced that regard ſhould be had to thoſe under ſuch diſmal circumſtances; and I have heard the primate and others expreſs their concern for them; and no doubt but very ſufficient ſubſcriptions may be had to ſet this needful work on foot. I ſhould think it would be a pleaſure to any one, that has any intention this way, to ſee ſomething done in their life-time, rather than leave it to the conduct of poſterity. I would not conſent to the proceeding on ſuch a work in the manner I have ſeen our poor-houſe, aud Dr. *Stevens*'s hoſpital, *viz.* to

have

have ſo expenſive a foundation laid, that the expence of the building ſhould require ſuch a ſum, and ſo long a time to finiſh, as will take up half an age.

My ſcheme for ſuch an undertaking ſhould be much to this effect:

Firſt, I would have a ſpot of ground fixed on, that ſhould be in a good open air, free from the neighbourhood of houſes; for the cries and exclamations of the outrageous would reach a great way, and ought not to diſturb neighbours: which was what you did not think of, when you mentioned a ſpot in a cloſe place, almoſt in the heart of the city. There are many places, in the out-ſkirts of the city, I can name, very proper.

Next to the fixing of a proper ſpot, I would, when that is ſecured, (which ſhould be a good ſpace) have it well incloſed with a high wall, the coſt of all which muſt be known. Then I would have the cells of the *Royal Hoſpital Infirmary*, lately made for mad people, be examined, how convenient, and how in all points they are adapted to the purpoſe, with the coſt of theſe cells, which I take to be ſix or eight pounds.

Then

Then I would proceed to the very needful houſe for the maſter and the proper ſervants. Then another building, to which there ſhould be a piazza for a ſtone gallery, for walking dry; and out of that ſeveral lodging cells for ſuch as are not outrageous, but melancholy, *&c.* This may be enlarged in length, or by a return; and over-head the ſame ſort of a gallery, with little rooms, or cells, opening the doors into the gallery; for, by intervals, the objects affected may be permitted to walk at times in the galleries.

This is according to the cuſtom of *London*. Annexed to the maſter's houſe muſt be the kitchen and offices.

This proceeding may be ſo contrived, as to be enlarged from time to time, as there ſhall be a fund, and occaſion to require the additions. There is no neceſſity for any plans or architects; but an ordinary capacity may contrive thoſe enlargements. Perhaps there may appear ſome well-diſpoſed perſons, who will ſay, they will make this enlargement; and, by ſuch helps, they may be ſufficiently done to anſwer all purpoſes.

It comes juſt now into my head, that there is a very proper * ſpot, which I think the chapter of *St. Patrick* let to one *Lee*, a bricklayer, or builder. It lies back of *Aungier-ſtreet* eaſt, comes out of *York-ſteeet*, down a place called the *Dunghill*, runs down to the end of *King-ſtreet*, facing *William-ſtreet*; at the north end of which ſome alms-houſes are built by *Dowling* and others. Alſo there ſtands, to the front of the ſtreet, a large ſtone building, called an *Alms-houſe*, made by Mrs. *Mercer*; though, by the bye, I hear ſhe is weary of her project, and does little in ſupplying that houſe, or endowing it. Perhaps the ground may be eaſily come at from *Lee*'s heirs; and, by your application, I know not but Mrs. *Mercer* may give her houſe up to promote ſo good a work. This will go a good way, and being followed by ſubſcriptions, a great and ſpeedy progreſs may be made, in which I will readily join my intereſt and labour. If that ſpot fails, we will pitch upon ano-

* The ground here mentioned by Sir *William Fownes* does not belong to the dean and chapter of *St. Patrick*'s, but to the corporation of *Vicars coral* in that cathedral.

ther.

ther. Whatſoever may be your future intentions, don't deny me the conſideration of the good your appearance and help may now do. I would not make a ſtep in this affair, if it ſhall not be agreed, that all matters, which require the conſent by votes, ſhall be determined by the method of a ballotting-box, that no great folks, or their ſpeeches, ſhould carry what they pleaſe, by their method of ſcoring upon paper, and ſeeing who marks, *&c.* too much practiſed.

If there be nothing in this paper worth your attention, you know how to diſpoſe of it. You have the thoughts of your aſſured humble ſervant,

W. FOWNES.

THE PROPOSAL.

I. That an hoſpital, called *Bedlam*, be built in the city of *Dublin*, or liberties, for the reception of lunatics from any parts of the kingdom.

II. In order to promote ſo good a work, let ſubſcriptions be taken in *Dublin*, and in every city and town in the kingdom; and that the chief magiſtrate of each place be deſired

deſired to recommend the ſubſcription-paper ſent to him for that purpoſe.

III. That when public notice is given in print, that ground is ſecured for building the hoſpital of *Bedlam*, the ſubſcription be collected, and ſent to *Dublin*, and paid into the hands of

Query, Mr. *Thorn*, ſteward to the *Blue-Coat* hoſpital, a very proper perſon.

IV. That, upon notice given by Mr. *Thorn*, that he has received 200*l.* a meeting ſhall be held of all ſubſcribers who happen to be in *Dublin*, at a proper time and place.

V. Such perſons as ſubſcribe 5*l.* or upwards, to have a vote at ſuch meeting.

VI. That Mr. *Thorn*, giving ſecurity, be continued to receive and pay out the money ſubſcribed for one year, and be allowed only ſix-pence *per* pound, for receiving and paying.

VII. That the money firſt laid out ſhall be for the building of ſix or eight ſtrong cells, for outrageous lunatics to be confined in, and after the form of thoſe made at the infirmary of the *Royal Hoſpital*.

VIII.

VIII. That the college of phyſicians be deſired to contribute to this good work, by appointing two or three of their body to be preſent at the firſt meeting, and to give their opinion, as to the conveniency of the cells, what boilers are proper to be ſet up in a kitchen, and what food is proper to be provided for ſuch lunatics.

IX. That near the cells be made a kitchen, ſmall at firſt, and in ſuch manner, as capable to be enlarged. That over this kitchen be a middle room, and over it a garret, to lodge the cook-maid, and one other maid.

X. That adjoining the kitchen may be made one room, of 18 feet by 18, which may ſerve for Mr. *Thorn* to attend in, and where the doctors, or any ſubſcribers, may meet on occaſion. And over this room another, to ſerve for a ſtore-room; and a garret to lodge a porter or two, that muſt attend the lunatics.

XI. That theſe buildings be made plain and ſtrong, with as little coſt as can be.

XII. That the charge of theſe be computed ſeparate, and of the inſide neceſſaries; ſo that the work may go on as faſt as the ſubſcription-fund can be got in.

XIII.

XIII. That the ſubſcribers, at the firſt meeting, do elect ſeven of their number; ſuch as are knowing in carrying on of the work, and willing to attend at needful times. That any three or more, at any meeting at the hoſpital, may give directions for proceeding on the buildings agreed upon to be made at the firſt meeting of the ſubſcribers; at which firſt meeting a ſecond meeting may be agreed upon, and ſo from time to time.

The walling-in of the piece of ground intended for this uſe may go on as the fund will bear, without obſtructing the firſt uſeful buildings. And whereas there are lunatics of ſeveral kinds, as the melancholy, *&c.* and ſome that are unruly by fits, a building muſt be deſigned for this ſort; the floors not lofty, but made ſufficiently airy, twenty feet wide, whereof ten for a gallery, and ten for lodges; each lodge eight or ten feet broad.

Dear Sir,

Herewith you have my thoughts of the affair you mentioned to me. I wiſh I could prevail

prevail on you to patronize it, and lay down your own ſcheme. I am moſt confident it cannot fail going on briſkly. You have friends and intereſt enough to ſet it a going, although there may be ſome grandees would rather other hands had the conduct of it; yet the work ſpeaks ſo much for itſelf, they muſt be aſhamed not to contribute, much more to obſtruct it.

In the paper called *The Propoſal*, I have conſidered the privateſt and leaſt expenſive way of going to work, avoided public forms, and grandees interpoſing. *Tom Thorn* by chance I thought upon for that reaſon, and for preventing jobs, *&c.* Do what you pleaſe with my papers. I am juſt ditto.

LETTER CCCXIII.

Lady B—— G——— to Dr. SWIFT.

London, November the 7th, 1732.

I SHOULD have anſwered yours ſooner, but that I every day expected another from you, with your orders to ſpeak to the duke; which I ſhould with great pleaſure have obeyed, as it was to ſerve a friend of

yours. Mrs. *Floyd* is now, thank God, in as good health as I have ſeen her theſe many years, though ſhe has ſtill her winter cough hanging upon her; but that, I fear, I muſt never expect ſhe ſhould be quite free from at this time of day. All my trouble with her now is, to make her drink wine enough, according to the doctor's order, which is not above three or four glaſſes, ſuch as are commonly filled at ſober houſes; and that ſhe makes ſo great a rout with, ſo many faces, that there is nobody that did not know her perfectly well, but would extremely ſuſpect ſhe drinks drams in private.

I am ſorry to find our taſtes ſo different in the ſame perſon; and as every body has a natural partiality to their own opinion, ſo it is ſurpriſing to me to find lady *S*—— dwindle in your's, who riſes infinitely in mine, the more and the longer I know her. But you ſay, you will ſay no more of courts for fear of growing angry; and indeed, I think you are ſo already, ſince you level all without knowing them, and ſeem to think, that none who belongs to a court can act right.

right. I am ſure this cannot be really and truly your ſenſe, becauſe it is unjuſt: and if it is, I ſhall ſuſpect there is ſomething of your old maxim in it, (which I ever admired and found true) that you muſt have offended them, becauſe you don't forgive. I have been about a fortnight from *Knowle*, and ſhall next *Thurſday* go there again for about three weeks, where I ſhall be ready and willing to receive your commands, who am moſt faithfully and ſincerely yours.

LETTER CCCXIV.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, November 16th, 1732.

I AM at laſt come to *London* before the family, to follow my own inventions. In a week or fortnight I expect the family will follow me. You may now draw upon me for your money, as ſoon as you pleaſe. I have ſome of my own too that lies dead; and I proteſt I do not know which way at preſent to diſpoſe of it, every thing is ſo precarious. I paid Mr. *Lancelot* 12 *l.* and pay myſelf the five guineas you had of me,

and have deducted your loſs, by paying off one of the *South-Sea* bonds: and I find I have remaining of your's 211*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* And I believe over and above that ſum, there will be more owing to you upon account of intereſt on the bonds, about four or five pounds. Mr. *Hoare* hath done this for me, but I have not had time to call upon him yet, ſo that I cannot be more particular. As the money now lies in Mr. *Hoare*'s hands, you ſee it is ready on demand. I believe you had beſt give notice when you draw on me for it, that I may not be out of the way. I have not as yet ſeen Mr. *Pope*, but deſign in a day or two to go to him, though I am in hopes of ſeeing him here to-day or to-morrow. If my preſent project ſucceeds, you may expect a better account of my own fortune a little while after the holidays; but I promiſe myſelf nothing, for I am determined, that neither any body elſe, or myſelf, ſhall diſappoint me. I wiſh the arguments made uſe of to draw you here, were every way of more conſequence. I would not have you change one comfort of life for another. I

wiſh

wiſh you to keep every one of thoſe you have already, with as many additional ones as you like. When I ſit down to conſider on the choice of any ſubject, to amuſe myſelf by writing, I find I have a natural propenſity to write againſt vice, ſo that I don't expect much encouragement; though I really think in juſtice, I ought to be paid for ſtifling my own inclination; but the great are ungrateful. Mr. *Pulteney*'s young ſon hath had the ſmall-pox, and is perfectly recovered. He is not in town, but is expected in about a week from the *Bath*. I muſt anſwer the letter you writ to the ducheſs and me, when her grace comes to town; for I know ſhe intended to have a part in it. Why can't you come among us in the beginning of the new year? The company will be then all in town, and the ſpring advancing upon us every day. What I mean by the company is, thoſe who call themſelves your friends, and I believe are ſo. It is certain the parliament will not meet till the middle of *January*. I have not been idle while I was in the country; and I know your wiſhes in general, and in par-

ticular, that induſtry may always find its account. Believe me, as I am, unchangeable in the regard, lowe, and eſteem I have for you.

LETTER CCCXV.

Mr. ROBERT ARBUTHNOTT, Merchant, to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Rouen, January 2d, 1732.

I HAVE flattered myſelf theſe many years, that vapours or company would have brought you over ſeas to *Spaw*, or to ſome ſuch place, and that you would have taken *Paris* in your way; and ſo I ſhould have had the pleaſure of ſeeing you in ſome place of my own. I wonder much that a perſon of ſo much good humour can let yourſelf grow old, or die without ſeeing ſome other country than your own. I am not quite ſo wicked as to wiſh you any real illneſs to bring you to us, though I ſhould not be ſorry that you thought you had need of the change of air. I wiſh you a happy new year, and many more; and (whatever intereſt

tereſt I have againſt it) good health, and proſperity, and every thing that I can wiſh to one that I much honour and eſteem.

I recommend to your friendſhip and acquaintance the bearer, Mr. *Delamere*. His brother, now dead, has been with you in *Ireland:* and this gentleman deſerves from me all the kindneſs my friends can ſhew him. Adieu, dear Sir. If I can ſerve you in any thing command me always, for I am with great eſteem your moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant,

ROB. ARBUTHNOTT.

LETTER CCCXVI.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT to Dr. SWIFT.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, Jan. 13th, 1732.

I HAD the pleaſure of receiving one from you by Mr.——*. I thank you for the opportunity it gave me of being ac-

* 'Probably the reverend Mr. *Pilkington*, who came over to be chaplain to alderman *Barber*, when lord mayor of *London*.'

quainted with a very agreeable ingenious man. I value him very much for his muſic, which you give yourſelf an air of contemning; and I think I treated him in that way to a degree of ſurprize.

I have had but a melancholy ſorrowful life for ſome time paſt, having loſt my dear child, whoſe life, if it had ſo pleaſed God, I would willingly have redeemed with my own. I thank God for a new leſſon of ſubmiſſion to his will, and likewiſe for what he hath left me.

We have all had another loſs of our worthy and dear friend Mr. *Gay* †. It was ſome alleviation of my grief to ſee him ſo univerſally lamented by almoſt every body, even by thoſe who knew him only by reputation. He was interred at *Weſtminſter-Abbey*, as if he had been a peer of the realm; and the good duke of *Queenſberry*, who lamented him as a brother, will ſet up a handſome monument upon him. Theſe are little affronts put upon vice and injuſtice, and is all that remains in our power. I believe the *Beggar*'s *Opera*, and what he

† He died *December* the 4th, 1732.

had

had to come upon the ſtage, will make the ſum of the diverſions of the town for ſome time to come. *Curll* (who is one of the new terrors of death) has been writing letters to every body for memoirs of his life. I was for ſending him ſome, particularly, an account of his diſgrace at court, which, I am ſure, might have been made entertaining: by which I ſhould have attained two ends at once, publiſhed truth, and got a raſcal whipped for it. I was over-ruled in this. I wiſh you had been here, though I think you are in a better country. I fanſy to myſelf, that you have ſome virtue and honour left, ſome ſmall regard for religion. Perhaps Chriſtianity may laſt with you at leaſt twenty or thirty years longer. You have no companies or ſtock-jobbing, are yet free of exciſes; you are not inſulted in your poverty, and told with a ſneer, that you are a rich and a thriving nation. Every man that takes neither place nor penſion, is not deemed with you a rogue, and an enemy to his country.

Your friends of my acquaintance are in tolerable good health. Mr. *Pope* has his uſual complaints of head-ach and indigeſtion, I think,

I think, more than formerly. He really leads ſometimes a very irregular life, that is, lives with people of ſuperior health and ſtrength. You will ſee ſome new things of his, equal to any of his former productions. He has affixed to the new edition of his *Dunciad*, a royal declaration againſt the haberdaſhers of points and particles, aſſuming the title of critics and reſtorers, wherein he declares, that he has reviſed carefully this his *Dunciad*, beginning and ending ſo and ſo, conſiſting of ſo many lines, and declares this edition to be the true reading; and it is ſigned by *John Barber, major civitatis Londini.*

I remember you, with your friends, who are my neighbours: they all long to ſee you. As for news, there is nothing here talked of but the new ſcheme of exciſe. You may remember, that a miniſtry in the queen's time, poſſeſſed of her majeſty, the parliament, army, fleet, treaſury, confederate, *&c.* put all to the teſt, by an experiment of a ſilly project of the trial of a poor parſon *. The ſame game, in my mind, is playing

* *Sacheverel.*

over

over again, from a wantonneſs of power. *Miraberis quam pauca ſapientia mundus regitur.* I have conſidered the grievance of your wine: the friend that deſigned you good wine, was abuſed by an agent that he intruſted this affair to. It was not this gentleman's brother, whoſe name is *Delamere*, to whom ſhew what friendſhip you can.

My neighbour the proſeman is wiſer, and more cowardly and deſpairing than ever. He talks me into a fit of vapours twice or thrice a week. I dream at night of a chain, and rowing in the gallies. But, thank God, he has not taken from me the freedom I have been accuſtomed to in my diſcourſe, (even with the greateſt perſons to whom I have acceſs) in defending the cauſe of liberty, virtue and religion: for the laſt, I have the ſatisfaction of ſuffering ſome ſhare of the ignominy that belonged to the firſt confeſſors. This has been my lot, from a ſteady reſolution I have taken of giving theſe ignorant impudent fellows battle upon all occaſions. My family ſend you their beſt wiſhes, and a happy new year; and none can do it more heartily than myſelf,

ſelf, who am, with the moſt ſincere reſpect, your moſt faithful humble ſervant.

LETTER CCCXVII.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

February the 8th, 1732.

I RECEIVED yours of the 8th of *January* but laſt week, ſo find it has lain long on the road after the date. It was brought me whilſt at dinner, that very lady ſitting cloſe to me, whom you ſeem to think ſuch an abſolute courtier*. She knew your hand, and enquired much after you, as ſhe always does; but I, finding her name frequently mentioned, not with that kindneſs I am ſure ſhe deſerves, put it into my pocket with ſilence and ſurprize. Indeed, were it in people's power, that live in a court with the appearance of favour, to do all they deſire for their friends, they might deſerve their anger, and be blamed, when it does not happen right to their minds; but that, I believe, never was the caſe of

* The counteſs of *S*——.

any

any one: and in this particular of Mr. *Gay*, thus far I know, and ſo far I will anſwer for, that ſhe was under very great concern, that nothing better could be got for him: the friendſhip upon all other occaſions in her own power, that ſhe ſhewed him, did not look like a double-dealer.

As to that part concerning yourſelf and her, I ſuppoſe, it is my want of comprehenſion, that I cannot find out why ſhe was to blame to give you advice, when you aſked it that had all the appearance of ſincerity, good nature, and right judgment. And if after that, the court did not do what you wanted, and ſhe both believed and wiſhed they would, was it her fault? At leaſt, I cannot find out, that you have hitherto proved it upon her. And though you ſay, you lamented the hour you had ſeen her, yet I cannot tell how to ſuppoſe that your good ſenſe and juſtice can impute any thing to her; becauſe it did not fall out juſt as ſhe endeavoured, and hoped it would.

As to your creed in politics, I will heartily and ſincerely ſubſcribe to it.—That I deteſt avarice in courts; corruption in miniſters;

niſters; ſchiſms in religion; illiterate fawning betrayers of the church in mitres. But at the ſame time, I prodigiouſly want an infallible judge, to determine when it is really ſo: for as I have lived longer in the world, and ſeen many changes, I know thoſe out of power and place always ſee the faults of thoſe in, with dreadful large ſpectacles; and, I dare ſay, you know many inſtances of it in lord *Oxford*'s time. But the ſtrongeſt in my memory is, Sir *R*—— *W*——, being firſt pulled to pieces in the year 1720, becauſe the *South-Sea* did not riſe high enough; and ſince that, he has been to the full as well banged about, becauſe it did riſe too high. So experience has taught me, how wrong, unjuſt, and ſenſeleſs party-factions are; therefore, I am determined never wholly to believe any ſide or party againſt the other; and to ſhew that I will not, as my friends are in and out of all ſides, ſo my houſe receives them all together; and thoſe people meet here, that have, and would fight in any other place. Thoſe of them that have great and good qualities and virtues I love and admire;

mire; in which number is lady ——; and I do like and love her, becauſe I believe, and as far as I am capable of judging, know her to be a wiſe, diſcreet, honeſt and ſincere courtier, who will promiſe no farther than ſhe can perform, and will always perform what ſhe does promiſe; ſo, now, you have my creed as to her *.

I thought I had told you in my laſt, at leaſt I am ſure I deſigned it, that I deſire you would do juſt as you like about the monument; and then, it will be moſt undoubtedly approved by your moſt ſincere and faithful ſervant.

* This ſpirited defence of lady ——, againſt a man of *Swift*'s ability and diſpoſition, does lady *B. G.* more honour than ſhe would have deſerved by writing the beſt ſatire againſt all the courts and courtiers in the world.

LETTER CCCXVIII.

The Ducheſs of —— to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, February the 21ſt, 1732.

SOON after the death of our friend Mr. *Gay*, I found myſelf more inclined to write to you, than to allow myſelf any other entertainment. But conſidering that might draw you into a correſpondence, that moſt likely might be diſagreeable, I left off all thoughts of this kind, till Mr. *Pope* ſhewed me your letter to him, which encouráges me to hope we may converſe together as uſual: by which advantage, I will not deſpair to obtain in reality ſome of thoſe good qualities, you ſay, I ſeem to have. I am conſcious of only one, that is, being an apt ſcholar; and, if I have any good in me, I certainly learned it inſenſibly of our poor friend, as children do any ſtrange language. It is not poſſible to imagine the loſs his death is to me; but as long as I have any memory, the happineſs of ever having had ſuch a friend can never be loſt to me.

As

As to himſelf, he knew the world too well to regret leaving it; and the world in general knew him too little to value him as they ought. I think it my duty to my friend, to do him the juſtice, to aſſure you, he had a moſt perfect and ſincere regard for you. I have learned a good deal of his way of thinking on your account; ſo that, if at any time you have any commands in this part of the world, you will do me a pleaſure to employ me, as you would him: and, I ſhall wiſh it could ever be in my power to ſerve you in any thing eſſential. The duke of ——— meaned to write, if I had not, concerning your money-affairs. We both thought of it, as ſoon as we could of any thing; and, if you will only write word what you would have done with it, great care ſhall be taken, according to your order. I differ with you extremely, that you are in any likelihood of dying poor or friendleſs: the world can never grow ſo worthleſs. I again differ with you, that it is poſſible to comfort one's ſelf for the loſs of friends, as one does

upon the loſs of money. I think, I could live on very little, nor think myſelf poor, or be thought ſo, but a little friendſhip could never ſatisfy one; and I could never expect to find ſuch another ſupport as my poor friend. In almoſt every thing, but friends, another of the ſame name may do as well; but friend is more than a name, if it be any thing.

Your letter touched me extremely; it gave me a melancholy pleaſure. I feel much more than you wrote, and more than, I hope, you will continue to feel. As you can give Mr. *Pope* good advice, pray practiſe it yourſelf. As you cannot lengthen your friend's days, I muſt beg you, in your own words, not to ſhorten your own: for I do full well know by experience, that health and happineſs depend on good ſpirits. Mr. *Pope* is better in both this year, than I have ſeen him a good while. This you'll believe, unleſs he has told you what he tells me, that I am his greateſt flatterer. I hope that news has not reached you; for nothing is more pleaſant than to believe what one wiſhes.

wiſhes. I wiſh to be your friend; I wiſh you to be mine; I wiſh you may not be tired with this; I wiſh to hear from you ſoon; and all this in order to be my own flatterer. I will believe.—I never write my name.—I hope you have no averſion to blots.

Since I wrote this, the duke of —— bids me tell you, that if you have occaſion for the money, you need only draw upon him, and he will pay the money to your order. He will take care to have the account of intereſt ſettled, and made up to you. He will take this upon himſelf, that you may have no trouble in this affair.

LETTER CCCXIX.

Dr. SWIFT to the Ducheſs of ——.

MADAM, March 20th, 1732.

I HAD lately the honour of a letter from your grace, which was dated juſt a month before it came to my hand, and the ten days ſince, I have been much diſordered with a giddineſs, that I have been long ſubject to at uncertain times. This hindered me from an acknowledgment of the great favour you have done me. The greateſt unhappineſs of my life is grown a comfort under the death of my friend *, I mean, my baniſhment in this miſerable country; for the diſtance I am at, and the deſpair I have of ever ſeeing my friends, further than by a ſummer's viſit; and this, ſo late in my life, ſo uncertain in my health, and ſo embroiled in my little affairs, may probably never happen; ſo that my loſs is not ſo great as that of his other friends, who

* Mr. *Gay*.

had

had it always in their power to converſe with him. But I chiefly lament your grace's misfortune, becauſe I greatly fear, with all the virtues and perfections which can poſſibly acquire the higheſt veneration to a mortal creature from the worthieſt of human kind, you will never be able to procure another ſo uſeful, ſo ſincere, ſo virtuous, ſo diſintereſted, ſo entertaining, ſo eaſy, and ſo humble a friend, as that perſon whoſe death all good men lament. I turn to your letter, and find your grace hath the ſame thoughts. Loſs of friends hath been called a tax upon long life, and, what is worſe, it is then too late to get others, if they were to be had, for the younger ones are all engaged. I ſhall never differ from you in any thing longer, than till you declare your opinion; becauſe I never knew you wrong in any thing, except your condeſcending to have any regard for me; and therefore, all you ſay upon the ſubject of friendſhip, I heartily allow. But I doubt you are a perverter; for ſure I was never capable of comparing

the loſs of friends with the loſs of money. I think we never lament the death of a friend upon his own account, but merely on account of his friends, or the public, or both; and his, for a perſon in private life, was as great as poſſible. How finely you preach to us who are going out of the world, to keep our ſpirits, without informing us where we ſhall find materials! Yet I have my flatterers too, who tell me, I am allowed to have retained more ſpirits than hundreds of others who are richer, younger, and healthier than myſelf; which, conſidering a thouſand mortifications, added to the perfect ill-will of every creature in power, I take to be a high point of merit, as well as an implicit obedience to your grace's commands. Neither are thoſe ſpirits (ſuch as they be) in the leaſt broken by the honour of lying under the ſame circumſtances with a certain great perſon, whom I ſhall not name, of being in diſgrace at court. I will excuſe your blots upon paper, becauſe they are the only blots that you ever did, or ever will

make

make in the whole courſe of your life. I am content, upon your petition, to receive the duke and your grace for my ſtewards for that immenſe ſum; and in proper time, I may come to thank you, as a king does the commons, for your loyal benevolence. In the mean while, I humbly intreat your grace, that the money may lie where you pleaſe, till I preſume to trouble you, with a bill as my lord duke allows me.

One thing I find, that you are grown very touchy ſince I loſt the dear friend who was my ſupporter; ſo that perhaps you may expect I ſhall be very careful how I offend you in words, wherein you will be much miſtaken; for I ſhall become ten times worſe after correction. It ſeems Mr. *Pope*, like a treacherous gentleman, ſhewed you my letter, wherein I mention good qualities that you *ſeem* to have. You have underſtroaked that offenſive word, to ſhew it ſhould be printed in *italic*. What could I ſay more? I never ſaw your perſon ſince you were a girl, except once in the dark (to give you a

bull of this country) in a walk next the *Mall*. Your letters may poſſibly be falſe copies of your mind; and the univerſal, almoſt idolatrous eſteem you have forced from every perſon in two kingdoms, who have the leaſt regard for virtue, may have been only procured by a peculiar art of your own, I mean, that of bribing all wiſe and good men to be your flatterers. My literal miſtakes are worſe than your blots. I am ſubject to them, by a ſort of infirmity wherein I have few fellow-ſufferers; I mean, that my heart runs before my pen, which it will ever do in a greater degree, as long as I am a ſervant to your grace, I mean, to the laſt hour of my life and ſenſes. I am with the greateſt reſpect and utmoſt gratitude, Madam, your grace's moſt obedient, moſt obliged, and moſt humble ſervant.

I deſire to preſent my moſt humble reſpects and thanks to my lord duke of ——. For a man of my level, I have as bad a name almoſt as I deſire; and I pray God, that thoſe who give it me, may never have reaſon to give me a better.

LET-

LETTER CCCXX.

Lord C—— to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, March the 24th, 1732.

I HAD the favour of your letter of the 19th of *February*. A gentleman left it at my door. I have not heard from him ſince, though he ſaid he would call again, and who he is, I don't know. I ſhewed it to my wife and lady *Worſley*, who will not fail to obey your commands, and teaze me, if I could be forgetful of your orders, to attend the cauſe of the city of *Dublin* when it comes into the houſe. I know by experience, how much that city thinks itſelf under your protection, and how ſtrictly they uſed to obey all orders fulminated from the ſovereignty of *St. Patrick*'s. I never doubted their compliance with you in ſo trivial a point as a * recorder. You can give any one law and capacity in half an hour;

* Mr. *Stanard* was about this time choſen recorder of the city of *Dublin*, chiefly at the recommendation of Dr. *Swift*.

and

and if by chance a rake ſhould get thoſe faculties any other way, you can make the worthy citizens believe he has them not; and you can ſuſtain any machine in a furred gown.

I thank you for the letter by Mr. *Pilkington* *. I have ſeen him twice at a great entertainment at my lord mayor's, where you was the firſt toaſt. I like the young man very well, and he has great obligations to you, of which he ſeems ſenſible.

I hope Dr. *Delaney* is well, and that you ſee one another often, and then the doctor won't have leiſure to purſue his diſſertations ‡, or to anſwer the reverend prelate on your ſide, who I hear has anſwered him. As I have not read the diſſertations, ſo I ſhall not read the anſwer; which, I hope, without offence, I may ſuppoſe to be your caſe. If ſo, I hope you will endeavour to keep me well

* Huſband of the celebrated Mrs. *Letitia Pilkington*. Alderman *Barber* was this year lord mayor, and having complimented the dean with the nomination of his chaplain, the dean nominated Mr. *Pilkington*.

‡ '*Revelation examined with Candour*.'

with

with the doctor, who took it a little unkindly of me, that I would ſhut my eyes to ſuch revelation ſo demonſtrated. I have a great eſteem for him, to which nothing that he can write upon thoſe ſubjects can make any addition; and, therefore, I would run no riſques as to altering my opinion of him by reading his books.

That health and proſperity may attend you, is my ſincere wiſh; and I intreat you to believe that I am, with great truth, Sir, your moſt humble and obedient ſervant.

The whole family of my ladies ſend their compliments.

LETTER CCCXXI.

Lord B——— to Dr. SWIFT.

Cirenceſter, March the 29th, 1733.

MY MOST DEAR DEAN,

I AM indebted to you for ſeveral ſcraps of paper which you have ſent me; but I waited to receive a letter from you, and then would have returned you an anſwer as well as I could. I obeyed your commands ſignified in your *Penultiéme*; I attended your cauſe; your client happened to be in the right, and we are not a little in the wrong, that we gave no coſts. I ſhould have moved for them, but I had diſtinguiſhed myſelf in preſſing lords to attend, and told ſo many that I had your commands ſo to do, that I did not think it proper to take that part upon me, and no-body elſe would do it; therefore give me leave to tell you, that you are bound in conſcience to pay that poor man 100*l.* He would certainly have had that ſum, if you

you had not interpoſed in that peremptory manner.

As to your laſt orders, in relation to the *Dublin* cauſe, I take it for granted you are in the wrong. All corporations of men are perpetually doing injuſtice to individuals. I will attend it, but am as much prejudiced againſt them, as it is poſſible, though I know nothing of the man, nor the matter in queſtion. I have often reflected, (from what cauſe it ariſes, I know not) that the majority of a ſociety are honeſt men, and would act, ſeparately, with ſome humanity, and according to the rules of morality; yet, conjunctively, they are hard-hearted determined villains. I know phyſicians, who, if you take them out of their practice, are very good ſort of men: but, was there ever in the world a conſultation of them, that tended to any thing elſe than robbery and murder? Do the body of lawyers think of any thing elſe, but to plunder and deſtroy the reſt of mankind? In ſhort, there is no corporation to be excepted out of this general rule,

rule, but the two houſes of parliament; and all aſſemblies of divines, whereſoever diſperſed through the Chriſtian world. So much for your *Dublin* cauſe.

Now, I muſt tell you, I want exceedingly to ſee you here; and I would have you come juſt about *Midſummer*. If you come a moment before that time, you will find the parliament ſitting, all in a flame about exciſes; and go into what company you will, you can hear of nothing elſe. I reckon by that time we ſhall ſeparate, and then I come down to this place *en famille*, (where I am now only a ſojourner for three days) and you ſhall be better accommodated than you were laſt time you was here. I can aſſure you, I have made great alterations; and to ſpeak modeſtly, I think, I may ſay, it is by much the fineſt place in *England*. What *Ireland* may produce I cannot tell. *Pope* has promiſed to come down; and it is time for him to retire, for he has made the town too hot to hold him *.

* 'Probably by the publication of *The firſt Satire of the ſecond Book of* Horace, *imitated, in a Dialogue between*

Poor *John Gay!* we ſhall ſee him no more; but he will always be remembered, by thoſe who knew him, with a tender concern. I want to know how you do, and what you are doing. I ſuſpect you are grown very idle; for I have not heard of any production from that fertile brain of your's a great while. And beſides, the greateſt mark of idleneſs that I know, is the minding of other people's buſineſs. You that uſed to be employed in ſupporting or pulling down miniſters, in inſtructing or diverting mankind, in inflaming kingdoms, or pacifying contending parties, now ſeem to be dwindled into an *Iriſh* ſolicitor. I expect to ſee you in a dirty brown coat, with a little green bag under your arm. However, let me ſee you. If I cannot laugh with you, as I uſed to do, I will laugh at you; for I am reſolved to laugh as long as I live. So, my dear little pettifogger, adieu.

between Alexander Pope, *Eſq*; *on the one Part, and his learned Council on the other.* Publiſhed in *February*, 1732-3.'

LET-

LETTER CCCXXII.

Lord M——— to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, London, April the 7th, 1733.

I HOPE you will excuſe me that I have not anſwered your letter ſooner; but I ſhall not be backward in obeying your commands, by attending the cauſe you mentioned, when it comes into the houſe. I ſhall not fail ſpeaking to thoſe few lords, I can be ſo free with, to attend alſo; and ſhall rejoice if it ſhould be determined to your ſatisfaction: and I have good reaſon to believe it will, being fully convinced, that you can intereſt yourſelf in nothing but where juſtice is uppermoſt. We have long flattered ourſelves with the hopes of having your good company here. I am ſure there is no family in this kingdom wiſhes to ſee you more than that of the *M*——'s, who will always have you in remembrance, for your health and welfare. I doubt not but you hear from better hands the ſtate of our affairs,

affairs, in relation to the exciſing tobacco and wine, therefore ſhall not trouble you upon that ſubject; and ſhall only deſire your farther commands wherein I am capable to ſerve you; aſſuring you, that I am, with great eſteem and faith, Sir, your moſt faithful and humble ſervant.

Poſtcript by lady M——.

SIR,

There are few things in life would give me more joy than to ſee you again in this part of the world. Let your friends have that pleaſure; for in doing it you will oblige a vaſt number of people; but nobody more, my dear Mr. Dean, than your affectionate humble ſervant.

LETTER CCCXXIII.

The Ducheſs of —— to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, April the 12th, 1733.

I RECEIVED yours of the 23d of *March*. Perpetual pains in my head have hindered me from writing till this moment; ſo you ſee you are not the only perſon that way tormented. I dare believe there are as many bad heads in *England* as in *Ireland*; I am ſure none worſe than my own; that I am made for pain, and pain for me; for, of late, we have been inſeparable. It is a moſt diſpiriting diſtemper, and brings on pain of mind, whether real or imaginary, it is all one.

Whilſt I had that very ſincere good friend, I could ſometimes lay open all my rambling thoughts, and he and I would often view and diſſect them; but now they come and go, and I ſeldom find out whether they be right or wrong, or if there be any thing in them. Poor man! he was moſt truly every thing you could ſay of him. I have loſt, in him, the uſefulleſt

uſefulleſt limb of my mind. This is an odd expreſſion; but I cannot explain my notion otherwiſe.

I deny that I am touchy; yet am going to ſeem ſo again, by aſſuring you my letters are never falſe copies of my mind. They are often, I believe, imperfections of an imperfect mind; which, however, to do it juſtice, often directs me better than I act. Though I will not take upon me, to declare my way of thinking to be eternally the ſame; yet whatever I write is at that inſtant true. I would rather tell a lye, than write it down; for words are wind ('tis ſaid); but the making a memorandum of one's own falſe heart would ſtare one in the face immediately, and ſhould put one out of countenance. Now, as a proof of my unſettled way of thinking, and of my ſincerity, I ſhall tell you, that I am not ſo much in the wrong as you obſerved I was in my laſt: for my regard to you is leſſened extremely, ſince I obſerved you are juſt like moſt other people, *viz.* diſobliged at trifles, and obliged at nothings; for what

elſe are bare words? Therefore pray never believe I wiſh to ſerve you, till you have tried me; till then proteſtations are bribes, by which I may only mean to gain the friendſhip of a valuable man, and therefore ought to be ſuſpected. I ſeldom make any for that reaſon; ſo that if I have the peculiar happineſs to have any wiſe good people my flatterers, God knows how I came by it; but ſure nothing can equal ſuch glory, except that of having the ſilly and bad people my enemies.

Here I think we agree. You declare, that no ſuch can depreſs your ſpirits; and if our conſtitutions are alike, I will not only preach up good ſpirits, but preſcribe the materials that have ever agreed with me. If any body has done me an injury, they have hurt themſelves more than me. If they give me an ill name (unleſs they have my help) I ſhall not deſerve it. If fools ſhun my company, it is becauſe I am not like them; if people make me angry, they only raiſe my ſpirits; and if they wiſh me ill, I will

be

be well and handſome, wiſe and happy, and every thing, except a day younger than I am, and that's a fancy I never yet ſaw becoming to man or woman, ſo it cannot excite envy. Here I have betrayed to you the deviliſhneſs of my temper; but I declare to you, nothing ever enlivened me half ſo much, as unjuſt ill uſage, either directed to myſelf or my friends. The very reverſe happens to me, when I am too well ſpoken of; for I am ſorry to find I don't deſerve it all. This humbleth me as much too much as the other exalts; ſo I hope you will not be too civil, ſince I have declared the conſequence.

I am in great hopes you will make us a viſit this ſummer; for though I have a ſenſible ſatisfaction by converſing with you in this way, yet I love mightily to look in the perſon's face I am ſpeaking to. By that one ſoon learns to ſtop when it is wiſhed, or to mend what is ſaid amiſs.

Your ſtewards will take great care of your money; but you muſt firſt direct us

to your friend Mr. *Lancelot*, and order him to give up Mr. *Gay*'s note, on his ſiſter's paying the money to his grace, who will give him his note for the money, or ſend it to you, juſt as you order. And as to what intereſt is due, I ſuppoſe you have kept ſome account.

By this time you muſt be too much tired, to bear reading one word more; therefore I will make no excuſes. Pray employ me; for I want to be certain, whether I know my own mind or not: for ſomething or other often tells me, that I ſhould be very happy to be of any uſe to you. Whether it be true or falſe, neither you or I can be poſitive, till an opportunity ſhews; but I do really think, that I am, dear Sir, moſt ſincerely your's, *&c.*

LETTER CCCXXIV.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

May the 1ſt, 1733.

I SHOULD have anſwered your's of the 22d of *March* long ago; but that I have had ſome troubles and frights. The uneaſineſs I was under made me neglect what, at another time, would have been agreeable to myſelf, Mrs. *Chambers*'s younger ſiſter, having had the ſmall-pox; but now perfectly well. Mrs. *Floyd* too has been exceſſively bad with her winter cough and diſperitedneſs; but country air, I think, has a little revived her.

His grace of *Dorſet* bids me preſent his humble ſervice to you, and ſays, the rectory of *Churchtown* is at Mr. *Stafford Lightburn*'s ſervice. As to the counteſs of *Suffolk*'s affair in diſpute, I cannot poſſibly (according to your own juſt rule) be angry, becauſe I am in the right. It is you ought to be angry, and never for-

give her, becauſe you have been ſo much in the wrong, as to condemn her, without the ſhew of juſtice; and I wiſh with all my heart, as a judgment upon you, that you had ſeen her, as I did, when the news of your friend's * death came; for though you are a proud parſon, yet (give you, devil, your due) you are a ſincere, good-natured, honeſt one. I am extremely Mrs. *Kelly*'s humble ſervant; but I will never believe ſhe is more valued for her beauty and good qualities in *Ireland* than ſhe was in *England*. The exciſe you mention has cauſed great changes here. Some that I am ſorry for; though I will not enter into the merits of the cauſe, becauſe of my averſion from politics. But if you did diſlike it, why did you beſtow ſuch a coſtly funeral upon it, as to burn its bones on a ſumptuous pile, like a *Roman* emperor?

Adieu, my ever-honoured old friend; and do not let me ſee any more reſpects or ladyſhips from you.

* Mr. *Gay*.

LETTER CCCXXV.

The Ducheſs of ——— to Dr. SWIFT.

Ameſbury, May the 31ſt, 1733.

I AM now again your *Tunbridge* correſpondent. His grace and I have been here this fortnight, with no other company than bricklayers and labourers. We are throwing down a parcel of walls, that blocked us up every way, and making a ſunk fence round the houſe. This will make the place as chearful again, and we find great entertainment by inſpecting the work. Since I came here, even I have often got up by ſix in the morning, (I deſigned it always) and the whole houſe are faſt aſleep before twelve. This I call good hours. I walk as much as I am able, ſometimes rather more. We ſometimes ride, though not often: for the evenings and mornings are very cold, and the middle of the day violently hot. North-eaſt winds continually, and ſuch want of rain, that the ground is hard as iron.

iron. I am the moſt temperate creature in my diet you ever knew; yet, with all my care, I cannot be well. I believe, if I am never guilty of a greater fault, I ſhall meet with very little reſentment, either public or private. They are the faults in the world ſooneſt forgot, and the ſeldomeſt truly repented. Let that be as it will, ſince health is undoubtedly the moſt valuable thing in life, I ſhall do all I can to obtain it. This makes me conſent to a thing in the world I am moſt averſe to, that is, going to the *Spaw* about a month or ſix weeks hence. I wiſh it was good for your complaints, that we might be there together. Really, if you think it will be of any uſe to you, and that you can order your affairs ſo as to make it poſſible, depend upon it we ſhall make it our ſtudy, and a very agreeable one too, to make you as eaſy and happy as it is in the power of people (not of a very troubleſome diſpoſition) to contrive. Your complaint and mine are not very different, as I imagine. Mine is a ſort of a dizzineſs, which generally goes

off

off by the head-ach. Some learned people give it a name I do not know how to ſpell, a vertico, or vertigo. Pray underſtand that I, really and truly, do not only ſay, but mean, that I wiſh you could either meet us at the *Spaw*, or at *London*, to go on with us; and in this I am ſure I ſhall never change my mind. If it can do you any good, I feel myſelf enough your friend to reſent it extremely, if you miſs this opportunity. This you would believe, if you knew what obligations I have to you. I am generally poor in ſpirit, or quarrelling with myſelf for being good for nothing. When a letter comes from you, it does not only entertain and revive me, but inſtantly I fancy I ought to have a good opinion of myſelf; which is of very great uſe to have, provided it is kept within juſt bounds. I ſhall punctually obey your commands concerning that poem; but I think you may be perfectly eaſy on that account; for I ſaw it before I left *London*, and heard ſeveral people talk of it, and the general opinion was, that you had no hand in it;

but

but that the thing happened juſt as you ſay. I think you need not be much diſturbed at it. The other trouble you mention I can allow of. Philoſophy cannot make ſuch things not be; the moſt it can pretend to is, to help people to patience. I am heartily ſorry you have any particular occaſion for any. Is your lawſuit ſtill in being? Perhaps I may be impertinent; but I remember you once mentioned ſomething of that kind.

I am pretty well ſatisfied any thing is bad for the head that fills it too full; therefore I adviſe you to unbend your thoughts, and aſk my advice; if it ſhould prove good, take it; if not, leave it. I ſhould be mighty glad to be of ſervice to you; in making me ſo, you would ſhew kindneſs to the memory of your very ſincere friend, and be kind to me. You may depend upon me, both for his ſake and your own. I will endeavour to convey your meſſages to lady *Catherine* and *Charlotte* as ſoon as poſſible. The firſt I have not converſed with this year and half; I believe ſhe is nobody's friend,

but

but I more than believe that nobody is her's. I have a brother, that I dare anſwer you would like, if you knew him perfectly, not elſe. I love and honour him, and he deſerves it. When his grace goes to *London*, which will be very ſoon, your money ſhall be as you ordered. He is mightily ſhocked at ſo many ſpeeches. He is not by juſt now, or undoubtedly he would think you deſerve to have them returned. It is lucky for me, for I am come to the end of my paper. Note, without an excuſe.

LETTER CCCXXVI.

Lady B—— G——— to Dr. SWIFT.

June the 5th, 1733.

HAS Mr. *Stafford Lightburne*'s friend got the gout in his fingers? Or is he ſo buſy in meaſuring the water, and caſting a figure to know the exact time when to ſet his friends a ſwiming, that he can't find one moment to let me know that he received my letter, written a month ago, to inform you that his grace would chearfully and readily obey your commands. However, I am again ordered by him to tell you, that the warrant will be ſent to *Dublin* by next poſt; ſo pray let Mr. *Lightburne* be ready to make his perſonal appearance, leaſt they ſhould not elſe know how to find him. It was well you needed no interceſſor to his grace; and that the no-promiſe from him, and the one word from you, is of much more weight than my rhetoric: for I have been ſo horridly uſed by a naſty griping brother

brother black-coat, in a ſmall three and ſix-pence affair of my own, that I don't know whether I ſhould not have done like you of the faction, revenge myſelf of the innocent, for the ſake of one biſhop and miniſter, that I ſay, has cheated, fleeced, and flead me, juſt as if they had been *South-Sea* or *Eaſt India* directors.

You are angry, if I do not mention Mrs. *Floyd* to you; ſo, I muſt tell you, ſhe is gone for a little time into the country, to try if that will ever cure her cough. I am heartily ſorry for your new friend Mrs. *Kelly*, who writes in a deſponding way to Mrs. *Chambers* about her health, and talks of going to *Spaw*. This is a melancholy ſubject, and I hate to be vexed. So I will ſay no more of it, but adieu, my dear Dean, and let me hear from you ſoon. See letters cccxxiv. and cccxxvii.

LETTER CCCXXVII.

Lady B—— G——— to Dr. SWIFT.

Knole, 9th July, 1733.

NOW, ſays parſon *Swift* *, What the devil makes this woman write to me with this filthy white ink? I cannot read a word of it, without more trouble than her ſilly ſcribble is worth. Why, ſay I again: Ay, it is the women are always accuſed of having bad writing implements; but to my comfort be it ſpoke, this is his grace my lord lieutenant's ink. My bureau at *London* is ſo well furniſhed, that his grace and his ſecretary make ſo much uſe of it, that they are often obliged to give half a crown, that I may not run out my eſtate in paper. It is very happy when a go-between pleaſes both ſides, and I am very well pleaſed with my office; for his grace is delighted, that it

* The name ſhe called the dean by, in the ſtanza which ſhe inſerted in his ballad on *The Game of Traffic*.

was

was in his power to oblige you. So *treve de compliment*. Since I have declared my paſſion againſt a biſhop and a parſon, it is but fair, I ſhould tell you the ſtory, whether you care to hear it or not: but if you do not, I give you leave not to mind it, for now it is over, I am calm again.

As to the * biſhop, I know neither his principles nor his parts, but his dioceſe is *Peterborough*; and having a ſmall park in *Northamptonſhire*, which I had a mind to increaſe by a ſmall addition, to make my houſe ſtand in the middle of it. Three ſhillings and ſix-pence worth of land, at the largeſt computation belongs to the church; for which my old parſon, (who flatters me black and blue, when he comes from a *Sunday* dinner, and ſays he loves me better than any body in the world) has made me give him up in lieu of that land, a houſe and ground that lets for 40 *s.* a year, and is hardly content with that, but reckons it a vaſt favour. And the biſhop has put me to ten times more

* Dr. *Robert Clavering*.

charge than it is worth, by ſending commiſſioners to view it, and making me give petitions, and dancing me through his court; beſides, a great dinner to his naſty people. Now, am I not in the right to be angry? But perhaps you will ſay, if I will have my fancies I muſt pay for them; ſo I will ſay no more about it. I hear poor Mrs. *Kelly* is not near ſo well as ſhe ſays; and a gentleman that came from *Briſtol*, ſays ſhe looks dreadfully, and fears it is almoſt over with her, and that no mortal could know her; ſo ends youth and beauty! that is ſuch a moral reflexion, that, leaſt it ſhould make you melancholy, I will tell you ſomething to pleaſe you. Your old friend Mrs. *Floyd* is perfectly recovered. I think I have not ſeen her ſo well this great while; but winter is always her bane, ſo I ſhall live in dread of that.

In your next, I deſire to know what I am in your debt for my ſiſter's monument. Adieu, my dear, good, old beloved friend.

LETTER CCCXXVIII.

The Ducheſs of —— to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Ameſbury, Nov. 3d, 1733.

I WAS mightily pleaſed to receive a letter from you laſt poſt; yet I am ſo ungrateful, I will not thank you for it, and it may be you do not deſerve it. The crueleſt revenge that one can poſſibly inflict (without hurting one's ſelf) is, that of being doubly diligent to thoſe who neglect one, in order to ſhock them into better behaviour. As I have tried this trick myſelf, and that ſtrong appearances are againſt me, I muſt defend myſelf, and then you'll own I do not quite deſerve chaſtiſement.

The poſt before I left this place, I received a letter from you, which I deſigned to have anſwered before I left *London* and *England*; but was hindered from both, for ſome time, by an expreſs, which hurried us down to *Wincheſter* ſchool, to take care of our little boy there, who was

violently ill of a fever. From that time, till I came to *Spaw*, we were never at home; and as ſoon as I began the waters, writing could not be done with my bad head. Since I left that place, and grew well, I have been ſtill upon the ramble. After all, theſe are not very ſubſtantial good reaſons; but, upon my word, I did deſign it; in order to which, two days ago I waſhed the mould out of my ink-horn, put freſh ink into it, and promiſed myſelf to write to you this very poſt. Pleaſing myſelf with the fancy, that this would reach you, and convince you, that I had you ſtill in great regard before you could or would think it worth your while to put me in mind of you. I could not poſſibly fail to gain credit, if you could poſſibly conceive the great ſatisfaction your letters give me. I have ſeldom met with any half ſo converſible. I do not only pity, but grieve at thoſe complaints you mention; they are a cruel incumbrance to you. Why cannot you transfer them to a thouſand inanimate creatures, who have nothing in their heads?

heads? I was, and am really ſorry, that you could not go with us to the *Spaw*. I am confident it muſt have done you good. I cannot deſcribe the vaſt difference I felt after drinking the waters a week, and am ſtill much better than I ever expected, though not quite free of the complaints in my head, but they are greatly leſſened.

I have three or four letters to write this very night, ſo have not time to think of anſwering your letters. This is only a volunteer, after which, I may with greater aſſurance deſire you to believe, that I am, with great conſtancy, regard and reſpect, your's, *&c.*

LETTER CCCXXIX.

The Ducheſs of —— to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Ameſbury, Nov. 10, 1733.

I HAVE only ſtaid to give time for my letter. There is ſome ſatisfaction in ſitting down to write, now that I am ſomething leſs in your debt; I mean, by way of letter. To ſpeak ſeriouſly, I muſt love contradiction more than ever woman did, if I did not obey your commands; for I do ſincerely take great pleaſure in converſing with you. If you have heard of my figure abroad, it is no more than I have done on both ſides of my ears, as the ſaying is. I did not cut and curl my hair like a ſheep's head, or wear one of their travelling ſacks; and yet, by not doing ſo, I did give ſome offence.

We have ſeen many very fine towns, and travelled through good roads, and pleaſant countries. I like *Flanders* in particular, becauſe it is the likeſt to *England*. The inns were very unlike thoſe at home,

home, being much cleaner and better ſerved; ſo that here I could not maintain my partiality with common juſtice. As to the civilizing any of that nation, it would employ more ill ſpent time fruitleſly than any one has to ſpare: they are the only people I ever ſaw that were quite without a genius, to be civil when they had to be ſo. Will you eat? Will you play at cards? are literally the tip-top well-bred phraſes in uſe. The *French* people we met are quite of another turn, polite and eaſy; one is the natural conſequence of the other, though a ſecret that few have diſcovered. I can bring you an *Iriſh* witneſs (if that be ſufficient) that I have wiſhed for you many times during this journey, particularly at *Spaw*, where I imagined you might have been mending every day as faſt as I did; and, you are a baſe man to ſay, that any ſuch impediment as you mentioned, thwarted your journey; for you were ſure of a welcome ſhare in every thing we had. It were unneceſſary to ſay this now, if we had no thoughts of ever going again; but

it is what I am ſtrongly adviſed to, though I ſhould not much want it, and I am not averſe: travelling agrees with me, and makes me good humoured. At home I am generally more nice than wiſe, but on the road nothing comes amiſs. At *Calais* we were wind-bound four or five days, and I was very well contented; when the wind changed, I was delighted to go. As impatience is generally my reigning diſtemper, you may imagine, how I muſt be alarmed at this ſudden alteration, till I happily recollected two inſtances, where I was myſelf. The one at *Breda*, where the innkeeper let drop, if you mean to go, an hour and half after we had fifty times told him, that poſitively, we would go. The other, at *Amſterdam*, where we met with a very incurious gent. who affirmed, there was nothing worth ſeeing; though beſides the town, which far ſurpaſſed my imagination, there happened to be a moſt famous fair. It is long ſince thoſe two verſes of *Dryden*'s *Simon* * are ſtrictly applicable to me.

* The ſtory of *Cimon* and *Iphigenia*, in his fable.

Her

Her corn and cattle are her only care,
And her ſupreme delight a country fair.

I ſhall forget to name my *Iriſh* friend. It is Mr. *Coote*. He is, in all appearance, a modeſt, well-bred, ſplenetic, good-natured man. I had then one of theſe qualifications more than was pleaſant, and ſo we became acquainted. He has a very great regard for you, Sir; and there we agreed again. We were all highly pleaſed with him. He ſeems to have a better way of thinking than is common, and not to want for ſenſe, or good humour. I tell you, that I do uſe exerciſe; deſignedly, never eat or drink what can diſagree with me, but am no more certain of my ſtomach, than of my mind; at ſometimes proof againſt any thing, and at other times too eaſily ſhocked; but time and care can certainly make a ſtrong defence. I will obey your commands, and ſo will his grace, concerning Mrs. *Barber*, as ſoon as we come to *London*, where we ſtayed but three days. We are now at *Ameſbury*; but pray, direct for

for me at *London*. I doubt we can do her but little good; for as to my part, I have few acquaintance, and little intereſt. I will believe every thing you ſay of her, though I have hitherto had a natural averſion to a poeteſs.

I am come almoſt to the end of my paper, before I have half done with you. It was a rule, I remember, with poor Mr. *Gay* and me, never to exceed three pages. I long to hear from you, that I may have an excuſe to write again; for I doubt it would be carrying the joke too far to trouble you too often. Adieu, dear Sir, health and happineſs attend you ever. I fear I have written ſo very ill, that I am quite unintelligible.

His grace is very much your's.

LETTER CCCXXX.

The Counteſs of GRANVILLE* to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Hawnes, Nov. the 27th, 1733.

I HAVE received the honour of your commands, and ſhall obey them; for I am very proud of your remembrance. I don't know we ever quarrelled; but if we did, I am as good a Chriſtian as you are, in perfect charity with you. My ſon, my daughter, and all our olive branches ſalute you moſt tenderly. I never wiſhed ſo much as I do now, that I were bright, and had a genius, which could entertain you, in return for the many excellent things that entertain me daily, which I read over and over with freſh delight. Will you never come into *England*, and make *Hawnes*† in your road? You will

* '*Grace*, widow and relict of *George* lord *Carteret*, and daughter of *John Granville* earl of *Bath*. She was created viſcounteſs *Carteret*, and counteſs *Granville*, 1ſt *January*, 1714-15, with limitation of thoſe honours to her ſon *John*, the late earl.'

† 'A ſeat of lord *Carteret*, late earl *Granville*, in *Bedfordſhire*.'

find

find nothing here to offend you; for I am a hermit, and live in my chimney corner, and have no ambition, but that you'll believe I am the charming Dean's

Moſt obedient humble ſervant.

LETTER CCCXXXI.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

March the 2d, 1733-4.

I AM extreme glad to hear you are got well again; and I do aſſure you, it was no point of ceremony made me forbear writing, but the downright fear of being troubleſome. If you have got rid of your deafneſs, that is a happineſs I doubt poor lady *Suffolk* will never have; for ſhe does not mend, if ſhe does not grow rather worſe. But we ladies are famous for ſtraining our voices upon the bad occaſion of anger: and ſure then it is hard, if it is not more agreeable to do it for the ſake of friendſhip. By the hiſtories I hear from *Ireland*, *Betteſworth*, in the midſt of your illneſs, did not think your pen lay idle;

idle*; but this good you had from it, that ſuch a troubleſome fellow made your friends and neighbours ſhew they could exert themſelves for your ſake. Mrs. *Floyd* has paſſed this winter rather better than the laſt; but cold weather is an enemy to her; and when you ſee her, I fear you will find, that though the goodneſs of the compoſition will always hold, yet ſo many winters have taken the beauty of it entirely off. It grows now near the time, that I have hopes you will

* About this time, an attempt was made to repeal the *Teſt Act* in *Ireland*; and the diſſenters on this occaſion, affected to call themſelves *Brother Proteſtants*, and *Fellow-Chriſtians*, *with the Members of the Eſtabliſhed Church*. This the dean made the ſubject of a ſhort copy of verſes, in which there is a paſſage, that ſo provoked one *Betteſworth*, a lawyer, and member for the *Iriſh* parliament, that he ſwore to revenge himſelf, either by maiming, or murdering the author; and, for this purpoſe, he engaged his footman, with two ruffians, to ſecure the dean where-ever he could be found. As ſoon as this oath and attempt of *Betteſworth* were known, thirty of the nobility and gentry of *St. Patrick*'s, waited upon the dean in form, and preſented a paper, ſubſcribed with their names; in which, they ſolemnly engaged, in behalf of themſelves and the reſt of the liberty, to defend his perſon and fortune as the friend and benefactor of his country. See the verſes, vol. vii. *Bat.* edit. 1754, p. 251.

ſoon part with my duke and ducheſs. I always uſed to be her doctor; I wiſh you would allow me to be your's, and take my advice, and try how the change of air would mend your conſtitution; but, I fear you will not. However, God bleſs you; and, adieu.

LETTER CCCXXXII.

The Ducheſs of ——— to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, London, March 4, 1733-4.

IF ever lying was neceſſary, I fear it is ſo at preſent; for no truth can furniſh me with ſufficient excuſe for not having writ long ago; therefore I have been ſtrongly tempted to diſown having received any return to my letters, which I wrote to you ſince my return to theſe parts; but upon more mature deliberation, I have convinced myſelf, that it is better rather to confeſs my fault, than to give you any handle to ſuſpect my truth for the future. I wiſh every body was as timorous as myſelf, and then lying and deceit would never be ſo much

in

in the faſhion, as it has and will be for many ages paſt and to come. I remember you once told me, always to ſit down to write when I was in good health, and good humour; neither of them have been perfect of ſome time. The firſt has been interrupted by perpetual colds, and pains in my face and teeth. My temper, by theſe trying truths which I am about to tell you, *viz.* a journey to *Scotland*, where we have been going every week, and every day ſince *Chriſtmas*; the uncertainty of which, and being conſequently unſettled, is even worſe than the thing itſelf. This is not all; by theſe means I have been obliged to ſend a little boy (who has been my conſtant companion ever ſince he was born, and who is not ſeven years old till next *July*) to ſchool, a full year before it was neceſſary or proper. The doing this, I own, has damped my ſpirits more than was reaſonable, though it was by his own deſire; and that I am perſuaded he is well taken care of, both by the maſter and his own brother, who is fond of him, and ſo would you be,

be, if you knew him; for he has more ſenſe than above half the world. The other is a fine boy, and grown very ſtrong and healthy. I am much obliged to you for reproving me, that I did not tell you ſo before. I am in great hopes to live to ſee them both men; therefore pray adviſe me what to do with them after they have gone through the ſchool; for I imagine that juſt then is the moſt difficult part of their education. Mr. *Locke*, with whom I cannot help differing in ſome things, makes a full ſtop there; and I never heard of any other that ever mentioned, or at leaſt publiſhed, any helps for children at that time of life, which I apprehend to be the moſt material.

There is a good deal of impertinence in filling two ſides of paper about me and mine; but I own, at preſent, my whole thoughts are ſo much employed on the latter, that I involuntarily think and talk of little elſe. To-morrow will be acted a new play of our friend Mr. *Gay*'s *; we

* 'It was intituled, *Achilles*, *an Opera*, and was repreſented at the theatre in *Drury-lane*; but without ſucceſs.

ſtay on purpoſe now for that, and ſhall go on *Thurſday* for *Edinburgh*, where the greateſt good I can expect, or hope for, is a line from you. We ſhall depoſite our guineas for Mrs. *Barber* with Mr. *Pope*, or my brother. I wiſh you all health and proſperity. I will not wiſh you devoid of all trouble and vexation, becauſe I think a moderate ſhare is a great encouragement to good ſpirits; but may you never meet with more than is abſolutely neceſſary to be pleaſant.

Adieu, Sir. If you will oblige me, you muſt do me the juſtice to believe I am your moſt faithful friend, *&c.*

ſucceſs. It was written in the manner of the *Beggar's Opera*, and contained a ludicrous repreſentation of the diſcovery of *Achilles* by *Ulyſſes*.'

LETTER CCCXXXIII.

Mr. GRANT to Dr. SWIFT.

London, March the 14th, 1733-4.

VERY REVEREND SIR,

THOUGH I have been long an admirer of your wit and learning, I have not leſs valued and eſteemed your public ſpirit and great affection to your native country. Theſe valuable ingredients in your character perſuade me to propoſe to you what I apprehend may be for your country's benefit, and that you will excuſe my taking the liberty to do it. As good principles diſpoſe you, your real merit happily united with them, gives you weight and influence to promote the public good; to which I am well aſſured your country owes not only the eſcaping many evils, but the eſtabliſhment of many valuable articles for the increaſe of their wealth and ſtrength. Though I am not a native of *Ireland*, I have always regarded it as ſo connected with this country,

country, that the natives of both iſlands ought mutually to ſtudy and advance the advantage of each other. And it is in conſequence of this principle that I offer to your conſideration, that your countrymen ſhould heartily engage in and purſue the white herring, and cod fiſhing. This is a branch of trade which Providence has given opportunity to follow in both countries; neither can they prejudice one another, as there may be conſumption for all that may be caught on both iſlands. There is nothing that would ſo effectually employ your poor, and prevent their going abroad, conſidering the great variety of trades neceſſary in this undertaking; it would alſo increaſe the conſumption of your home manufactures, and increaſe the balance of your foreign trade.

The north and north-eaſt parts of your iſland lie exceeding well, both for the cod and herring fiſhing, as will appear to you from their courſe, which is deſcribed in the incloſed pamphlet, if you take the trouble to look upon it; but

encouragements are neceſſary to ſupport a new undertaking in its infancy, becauſe they are always, at the beginning, liable to charges and inconveniencies, which diſcourage private adventurers, if not ſupported by the public. I have with great pleaſure read, in the minutes of your parliament, of late years, ſeveral inſtances of their zeal for their country's good, which inclines me to believe they would readily receive and encourage a propoſition of this nature, if properly introduced and recommended to them; and I ſhould reckon it a particular good fortune, if I could ſuggeſt what would be acceptable to you and them. I have been deſirous to eſtabliſh and improve this valuable branch of commerce into *Britain*, for which reaſon I have applied myſelf to it ſeveral years laſt paſt, and examined it in all its ſhapes, from whence I flatter myſelf to have acquired a thorough knowledge in the matter; and I am, with other gentlemen, endeavouring to obtain the neceſſary encouragements for it here; but it being late before we moved

moved in our application, and appearance of a ſhort ſeſſion, I am afraid we ſhall make little progreſs at this time. Not being ſufficiently acquainted with your laws and conſtitutions, I cannot take upon me to ſay what may be proper encouragements in your country; yet I may freely venture to aſſert one propoſition, to which every one muſt aſſent, that it is the intereſt of any nation to grant premiums and bounties for the encouragement of any one branch of trade, which, in proportion to what is paid by the public, and when that is paid only to its own ſubjects, brings into the kingdom ten times the value. And I may, with equal ſafety, advance this other propoſition, that no article of trade better deſerves encouragement, from both *Britain* and *Ireland*, than the fiſhing does; or that might be made of ſo great conſequence and general benefit to both: to which I believe I may add, that there is not any buſineſs more natural to either, or the eſtabliſhment whereof would receive more univerſal approbation and applauſe.

Theſe things from my opinion of your character, I thought I might take the liberty to trouble you with; which I was the more readily induced to, as it furniſhed me an opportunity of declaring, that I am, with great eſteem, Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant

FRANCIS GRANT.

P. S. If you have any commands for me, or that you think I may be any ways uſeful in explaining or promoting this ſubject, I ſhall with pleaſure obey you; in which caſe you may direct for me, merchant, in *London*.

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LETTER CCCXXXIV.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

April the 12th, 1734.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,

I HAVE received yours of the 16th of *February* very lately; but have not yet ſeen the perſon who brought it, nor am likely to ſee him, unleſs he finds me out in my retreat. Our friend *Pope* is in town, and to him I ſend this letter; for he tells me, he can forward it to you by the hands of one of our common friends. If I can do Mr. *Faulkner* any ſervice, I ſhall certainly do it, becauſe I ſhall catch at any opportunity of pleaſing you; but my help, in a project of ſubſcription, will, I fear, avail him little. I live much out the world, and I do not bluſh to own, that I am out of faſhion in it. My wife, who is extremely obliged to you, for your kind remembrance of her, and who deſires me to ſay all the fond things from

her to you, which I know ſhe thinks, enjoys a precarious health, eaſily ſhook, and ſometimes interrupted by fits of ſevere pain; but, upon the whole, much better than it has been theſe five years. I walk down hill eaſily and leiſurely enough, except when a ſtrong diſpoſition to the jaundice (that I have long carried about me) gives me a ſhove. I guard againſt it as well as I can; the cenſors ſay, not as well as I might. Too ſedentary a life hurts me, and yet I do not care to lead any other; for ſauntering about my grounds is not exerciſe. I ſay, I will be very active this ſummer, and I will try to keep my word. Riding is your *panacea*; and *Bathurſt* is younger than his ſons by obſerving the ſame regimen. If I can keep where I am a few years longer, I ſhall be ſatisfied; for I have ſomething, and not much, to do before I die. I know by experience one cannot ſerve the preſent age. About poſterity one may flatter one's ſelf, and I have a mind to write to the next age. You have ſeen, I doubt not, the ethic epiſtles,

epiſtles, and though they go a little into metaphyſics, I perſuade myſelf you both underſtand and approve them; the firſt book being finiſhed, the others will ſoon follow; for many of them are writ, or crayoned out. What are you doing?—Good, I am ſure. But of what kind? Pray, Mr. Dean, be a little more cautious in your recommendations. I took care, a year ago, to remove ſome obſtacles that might have hindered the ſucceſs of one of your recommendations, and I have heartily repented of it ſince. The fellow wants morals, and, as I hear, decency, ſometimes. You have had accounts, I preſume, which will not leave you at a loſs to gueſs whom I mean. Is there no hope left of ſeeing you once more in this iſland? I often wiſh myſelf out of it; and I ſhall wiſh ſo much more, if it is impoſſible *de voiſiner* (I know no *Engliſh* word to ſay the ſame thing) with you. Adieu, dear Sir; no man living preſerves a higher eſteem, or a more warm and ſincere friendſhip for you than I do.

LETTER CCCXXXV.

Lord C———— to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Jermyn-ſtreet, April 13, 1734

I HAD the honour of your letter, which gave me a conſiderable pleaſure to ſee that I am not ſo much out of your thoughts, but that you can take notice of events that happen in my family. I need not ſay, that theſe alliances * are very agreeable to me; but that they are ſo to my friends, adds much to the ſatisfaction I receive from them. They certainly enable me to contract my deſires, which is no inconſiderable ſtep towards being happy. As to the other things, I go on as well as I can; and now and then obſerve, that I have more friends than I had when I was in a ſituation to do them ſervice. This may be a deluſion: however, it is a pleaſing one. And I have more reaſon to believe a man, now I can

* 'His lordſhip's third daughter, *Georgina-Carolina*, was married, 14 *Feb.* 1733-4, to the honourable *John Spencer*.'

do

do him no good, than I had when I could do him favours, which the greateſt philoſophers are ſometimes tempted to ſolicit their friends about. I ſhall continue to ſerve Mrs. *Barber*, by recommending her, as occaſion ſhall offer, where it is neceſſary; but you have done that ſo effectually, that nothing need be ſaid to thoſe, to whom you have ſaid any thing in her behalf. I hope Dr. *Delaney* is, as he always uſed to be, chearful in himſelf, and agreeable to all that know him; and that he, by this time, is convinced, that the world is not worthy of ſo much ſpeculation as he has beſtowed upon ſome matters. Lady *Worſley*, my wife, and daughters, to whom I have ſhewn your letter, not forgetting my mother, preſent their humble ſervice to you. And I deſire to recommend the whole family, as well as myſelf, to the continuance of your favour. I am, Sir, with the greateſt reſpect, your moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant,

C.

LET-

LETTER CCCXXXVI.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

From my Farm, June 27th, 1734.

I THANK you, my dear Dean; or to uſe a name to me more ſacred, I thank you, my friend, for your letter of the 23d of *May*, which came to me by poſt. I anſwer it by the ſame conveyance; and provided the diligent inſpection of private men's correſpondence do not ſtop our letters, they have my leave to do, what they will do without it, to open and read them. If they expect to find any thing which may do us hurt, or them good; their diſappointment will give me pleaſure, and in the proportion, I ſhall imagine it gives them pain. I ſhould have another pleaſure, of higher reliſh, if our epiſtles were to be peruſed by perſons of higher rank. And who knows, conſidering the mighty importance we are of, whether that may not happen? How would theſe perſons ſtare, to ſee ſuch

ſuch a thing as ſincere cordial friendſhip ſubſiſt inviolate, and grow and ſtrengthen from year to year, in ſpite of diſtance, abſence, and mutual inutility!

But enough on this. Let us turn to other ſubjects. I have read, in the golden verſes of *Pythagoras*, or in ſome other collection of wiſe apothegms of the ancients, that a man of buſineſs may talk of philoſophy, a man who has none may practiſe it. What do you think of this maxim? Is it exact? I have a ſtrange diſtruſt of maxims. We make as many obſervations as our time, our knowledge, and the other means we have, give us the opportunity of making on a phyſical matter. We find that they all correſpond, and that one general propoſition may be affirmed, as the reſult of them. This we affirm; and, in conſequence, this becomes a maxim among our followers, if we have any. Thus the king of *Siam* affirmed, that water was always in a fluid ſtate; and I doubt not but the *Talapoins*, do they not call them ſo? held this maxim. Neither he, or they, had ever climbed

climbed the neighbouring mountains of *Ava*; their obſervations were confined to the burning climate they inhabited. It is much the ſame in moral maxims, founded on obſervations of the conduct of men; for there are other moral maxims of univerſal truth, as there are moral duties of eternal obligation. We ſee what the conduct is, and we gueſs what the motives are, of great numbers of men; but then we ſee often at too great a diſtance, or through a faulty medium; we gueſs with much uncertainty from a thouſand reaſons concerning a thing as various, as changing, as inconſiſtent as the heart of man. And even when we ſee right, and gueſs right, we build our maxims on a ſmall number of obſervations (for ſuch they are comparatively, how numerous ſoever they may be, taken by themſelves) which our own age and our own country chiefly have preſented to us.

You and I have known one man in particular, who affected buſineſs he often hindered, and never did; who had the

honour

honour among ſome, and the blame among others, of bringing about great revolutions in his own country, and in the general affairs of *Europe*; and who was, at the ſame time, the idleſt creature living; who was never more copious than in expreſſing, when that was the theme of the day, his indifference to power, and his contempt of what we call honours, ſuch as titles, ribbands, *&c.* who ſhould, to have been conſiſtent, have had this indifference, and have felt this contempt, ſince he knew neither how to uſe power, nor how to wear honours, and yet who was jealous of one, and fond of the other, even to ridicule. This character ſeems ſingular enough, and yet I have known ſome reſembling it very much in general, and many exactly like it, in the ſtrongeſt marks it bore.

Now let us ſuppoſe, that ſome *Rochfaucault* or other, ſome *Anthroponomical* ſage, ſhould diſcover a multitude of ſimilar inſtances, and not ſtumble upon any one repugnant; you and I ſhould not, however,

however, receive for a maxim, that he who affects buſineſs, never does it: nor this, that he who brings about great revolutions, is always idle: nor this, that he who expreſſes indifference to power, and contempt of honours, is jealous of one, and fond of the others.

Proceed we now, dear Doctor, to the application. A man in buſineſs, and a man who is out of it, may equally talk of philoſophy; that is certain. The queſtion is, whether the man in buſineſs may not practiſe it, as well as the man out of buſineſs? I think he may, in this ſenſe, as eaſily; but ſure I am, he may, in this ſenſe, as uſefully. If we look into the world, our part of it I mean, we ſhall find, I believe, few philoſophers in buſineſs, or out of buſineſs. The greateſt part of the men I have ſeen in buſineſs, perhaps all of them, have been ſo far from acting on philoſophical principles, that is, on principles of reaſon and virtue, that they have not acted even on the higheſt principles of vice. I have not known a man of real ambition; a man who

who ſacrificed all his paſſions, or made them all ſubſervient to that one; but I have known many, whoſe vanity and whoſe avarice mimicked ambition. The greateſt part of the men I have ſeen out of buſineſs have been ſo far from practiſing philoſophy, that they have lived in the world errant triflers; or retiring from it, have fallen into ſtupid indolence, and deſerved ſuch an inſcription as *Seneca* mentions, in one of his letters to *Lucilius*, to have been put over the door of one *Vattia*. *Hic ſitus eſt Vattia*. But, for all this, I think that a man in buſineſs may practiſe philoſophy as auſterely to himſelf, and more beneficially to mankind, than a man out of it. The *Stoics* were an affected, pedantical ſect; but I have always approved that rule of the *Poſtique*, that a philoſopher was not to except himſelf from the duties of ſociety, neither in the community to which he particularly belonged, nor in the great community of mankind. *Mencius*, and his maſter *Confucius*, were ſtrange metaphyſicians, but they were good moraliſts, and they di-

vided their doctrines into three parts; the duties of a man; of an individual, as a member of a family; and as a member of a ſtate. In ſhort, a man may be, many men have been, and ſome are, I believe, philoſophers in buſineſs; he that can be ſo out of it, can be ſo in it.

But it is impoſſible to talk ſo much of philoſophy, and forget to ſpeak of *Pope*. He is actually rambling from one friend's houſe to another. He is now at *Cirenceſter*; he came thither from my lord *Cobham*'s; he came to my lord *Cobham*'s from Mr. *Dormer*'s; to Mr. *Dormer*'s from *London*; to *London* from *Chiſwick*; to *Chiſwick* from my farm; to my farm from his own garden; and he goes ſoon from lord *Bathurſt*'s to lord *Peterborow*'s; after which, he returns to my farm again. The dæmon of verſe ſticks cloſe to him. He has been imitating the ſatire of *Horace*, which begins *Ambubaiarum Collegia pharmacopolæ*, &c. and has choſe rather to weaken the images, than to hurt chaſte ears overmuch. He has ſent it me; but I ſhall keep his ſecret

as

as he deſires, and ſhall not, I think, return him the copy; for the rogue has fixed a ridicule upon me, which ſome events of my life would ſeem perhaps to juſtify him in doing. I am glad you approve his *Moral Eſſays*. They will do more good than the ſermons and writings of ſome, who had a mind to find great fault with them. And if the doctrines taught, hinted at, and implied in them, and the trains of conſequences deducible from theſe doctrines were to be diſputed in proſe, I think he would have no reaſon to apprehend either the free-thinkers on one hand, or the narrow dogmatiſts on the other. Some few things may be expreſſed a little hardly; but none are, I believe, unintelligible. I will let him know your complaints of his ſilence; which I wonder at the more, becauſe he has often ſpoke in ſuch a manner, as made me conclude you heard from him pretty regularly. Your compliments ſhall be paid likewiſe to the other friends you mention.

You complain of the vaſt alteration which the laſt ſeven years have made in you; and do you believe, that they have not made proportionable alterations in us? Satisfy yourſelf they have. We all go the ſame road, and keep much the ſame ſtages. Let this conſideration, therefore, not hinder you from coming amongſt us. You ſhall ride, walk, trifle, meddle, chide, and be as ill-bred as you pleaſe; and the indulgence you receive on theſe heads you ſhall return on theſe or others. Adieu.

I will ſpeak to you about books next time I write, if I can recollect what I intended to ſay upon a paſſage in your letter; or if any thing elſe, worth ſaying, comes into my head. Adieu, my friend.

LETTER CCCXXXVII.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT to Dr. SWIFT.

Hampſtead, Oct. 4, 1734.

MY DEAR AND WORTHY FRIEND,

YOU have no reaſon to put me amongſt the reſt of your forgetful friends; for I wrote two long letters to you, to which I never received one word of anſwer. The firſt was about your health; the laſt I ſent a great while ago, by one *De La Mar*. I can aſſure you, with great truth, that none of your friends or acquaintance has a more warm heart towards you than myſelf. I am going out of this troubleſome world, and you, amongſt the reſt of my friends, ſhall have my laſt prayers, and good wiſhes.

The young man whom you recommended came to this place, and I promiſed to do him what ſervice my ill ſtate of heath would permit. I came out to this place ſo reduced by a dropſy and an aſthma, that I could neither ſleep, breathe,

eat, or move. I moſt earneſtly deſired and begged of God, that he would take me. Contrary to my expectation, upon venturing to ride (which I had forborn for ſome years, becauſe of bloody water) I recovered my ſtrength to a pretty conſiderable degree, ſlept, and had my ſtomach again; but I expect the return of my ſymptoms upon my return to *London*, and the return of the winter. I am not in circumſtances to live an idle country life; and no man, at my age, ever recovered of ſuch a diſeaſe further than by an abatement of the ſymptoms. What I did, I can aſſure you, was not for life, but eaſe. For I am, at preſent, in the caſe of a man that was almoſt in harbour, and then blown back to ſea; who has a reaſonable hope of going to a good place, and an abſolute certainty of leaving a very bad one. Not that I have any particular diſguſt at the world; for I have as great comfort in my own family, and from the kindneſs of my friends, as any man; but the world, in the main, diſpleaſeth me; and I have too true a preſentiment of calamities,

calamities that are like to befal my country. However, if I ſhould have the happineſs to ſee you before I die, you will find that I enjoy the comforts of life with my uſual chearfulneſs. I cannot imagine why you are frighted from a journey to *England!* the reaſons you aſſign, I am ſure, are not ſufficient; the journey I am ſure will do you good. In general, I recommend riding, of which I have always had a good opinion, and can now confirm it from my own experience.

My family give you their love and ſervice. The great loſs I ſuſtained in one of them, gave me my firſt ſhock; and the trouble I have with the reſt, to bring them to a good temper, to bear the loſs of a father, who loves them, and whom they love, is really a moſt ſenſible affliction to me. I am afraid, my dear friend, we ſhall never ſee one another more in this world. I ſhall, to the laſt moment*, preſerve my love and eſteem for you, being well aſſured you will never leave the paths of virtue and honour for all

* Dr. *Arbuthnott* died in *March*, 1734-5.

that is in the world. This world is not worth the leaſt deviation from that way. It will be great pleaſure to me to hear from you ſometimes; for none can be with more ſincerity than I am, my dear friend, your moſt faithful friend, and humble ſervant,

JO. ARBUTHNOTT.

LETTER CCCXXXVIII.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

London, 7th Nov. 1734.

DON'T accuſe me of forſaking you: indeed it is not the leaſt in my thoughts; but I heard you were ill, and I had no letter from you, ſo doubted being troubleſome. I was, about two months ago, at my own houſe, and had my duke and ducheſs with me. The reſt of my time was divided between lord preſident † and *Knole*. I have now left their graces in the country, where I hope they will not ſtay long; for ſhe has been very ill, though now recovered.

† *Spencer* earl of *Wilmington*.

I am

I am always more frightful when my friends are ſick there, becauſe there is neither phyſic nor phyſician that's good for any thing. Indeed I cannot anſwer, whether your lord lieutenant will be the ſame or not. All that I can ſay is, that if he aſks my conſent for it, he ſhall not have it. I have no acquaintance with the duke of *Chandois*, nor I believe has the duke of *Dorſet* much. And to be ſure it would be to no purpoſe to aſk him for thoſe records * again, becauſe, if he would have parted with them, he would have done it on your aſking. And whether it be uſeful or not juſt to him, yet few people would care to part with what

* Theſe records were manuſcripts relating to the hiſtory of *Ireland*, which had been collected by Sir *James Ware*, before, after, and during the troubles of 1641. When lord *Clarendon* was lord lieutenant, in 1686, he got theſe manuſcripts from the heir of Sir *James*, and brought them into *England*. After lord *Clarendon*'s death, they were ſold to the duke of *Chandois*. The catalogue of them was printed in 1697, in the large folio catalogue of all the libraries both in *England* and *Ireland*; and the Dean having read that account of them, was very deſirous to procure them for public uſe. See a letter written by the Dean to the duke of *Chandois*, ſoliciting his grace to preſent them to the public library at *Dublin*, in the volumes publiſhed by Mr. *Deane Swift*.

muſt enhance the value of their libraries; but if he ſucceeds the duke of *Dorſet*, then for certain he will be eaſily perſuaded to make a compliment of them to the kingdom. Your friend Dr. *Arbuthnott*, I hear, is out of order again. I have not ſeen him lately, and I fear he is in a very declining way. I fanſy it would be prodigiouſly good for your health to come to *England*, which would be a great pleaſure to your moſt ſincere old friend, and humble ſervant.

LETTER CCCXXXIX.

Mr. JARVIS * to Dr. SWIFT.

Hampton, November the 24th, 1734.

DEAR MR. DEAN,

YOU can hardly imagine how rejoiced I am at the finding my old friend the biſhop of *Worceſter* † ſo hale at 83-4! No complaint; he does but begin to ſtoop, and I am forced myſelf, every now and then, to awaken myſelf to walk tolerably upright, famous as I was lately for a wight of uncommon vigour, and conſequently ſpirits to ſpare. If ever I ſee *Dublin* again, and your *Teague* eſcapes hanging ſo long, I will myſelf truſs him for non-admittance, when you were in a converſable condition. I am ſure the lady will ſend you Mr. *Connoly*'s picture with pleaſure, when I tell her you expect it. Our friend *Pope* is off and on, here and there, every where and no where,

* A celebrated painter, and contemporary with Sir *Godfrey Kneller*.

† Dr. *John Hough*, biſhop of *Worceſter*.

a ſon

a ſon ordinaire, and therefore as well as we can hope, for a carcaſs ſo crazy. He aſſures me, he has done his duty in writing frequently to the Dean, becauſe he is ſure it gives you ſome amuſement, as he is rejoiced at all yours; therefore you muſt write away. Upon enquiry, I learn, that exerciſe is the beſt medicine for your giddineſſes. *Penny* made Mrs. *Pandarvis* happy with a print of yours, and I do not fail to diſtribute them to all your well-wiſhers. I am, dear Dean, your's moſt affectionately,

CHA. JARVIS.

I held out bravely the three weeks fog, *&c.* and am very well.

LETTER CCCXL.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

Feb. the 13th, 1734-5.

YOU are a fine gentleman indeed, to teach his grace of *Dorſet* ſuch ſaucy words; and we have quarrelled ſo much about it, that I don't know but I ſhall oblige him to meet me behind *Montague-houſe* *. He ſays, it is ſome time ago that he commanded me to write to you, to aſſure you, he thought himſelf very much obliged to you for your letter, and that he takes it as a proof of your friendſhip and good-will to him. So far I own is true; he did humbly beg the favour of me to write you this a great while ago; but I underſtood he had ſomething elſe more to ſay, ſo I cannot but own I have ſeen him pretty often ſince; but yet (at the times I could ſpeak to him) my addle head conſtantly forgot to aſk him what he had to ſay? So now

* Where duels were frequently fought.

he

he ſays he will do his own buſineſs, and write to you ſoon himſelf.

The † counteſs has quitted the court, becauſe, after a long illneſs at *Bath*, ſhe did not meet with a reception that ſhe liked; though her miſtreſs appeared exceſſively concerned, and expreſſed great uneaſineſs at parting with her; and my opinion is, that not only her maſter and miſtreſs, but her very enemies will have reaſon to repent the part they have acted by her.

Now I have anſwered all I can tell you, that you want to know, I bid my dear Dean adieu.

† The counteſs of *Suffolk*.

LETTER CCCXLI.

The Earl of STRAFFORD* to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, London, Feb. 18th, 1734-5.

TO honour, and eſteem, and admire you, is general to all that know or have heard of you; but to be pleaſed with your commands, and glad and diligent to obey them, is peculiar to your true friends, of which number I am very deſirous to be reckoned. On receiving your letter by Mr. *Skerret*, I immediately undertook to do him the beſt ſervice I could, and thought myſelf happy in having advanced his affair ſo far, as to get his petition to the houſe of lords read and agreed to, and a peremptory day agreed to for his being (as this day) heard *ex parte*, if the other party did not put in their anſwer before. I likewiſe got ſe-

* He had been ambaſſador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the States General during the treaty for the peace of *Utrecht*.

veral

veral lords to attend; but, on printing his caſe, our new lord chancellor † (who at preſent has a great party in the houſe) found out, that the petition I had preſented for Mr. *Skerret* had not fully explained matters to the houſe; becauſe, upon comparing dates, the petition of appeal laſt year was preſented late in the ſeſſions; and that though there was then an order for the reſpondents to put in their anſwer in five weeks (the uſual time for cauſes in *Ireland*) yet the parliament did not ſit above a fortnight after; ſo that it was impoſſible for the reſpondent's anſwer to be put in by that time. That the parliament being diſſolved, the reſpondents in *Ireland* might expect to have been ſerved with a new order this ſeſſion, which it did not appear was done: and that though in the courts below, if anſwers were not put in, they proceeded to hear cauſes *ex parte*; yet there was this difference, that there they always allowed a time for the defendant to have his cauſe reheard; but in the

† *Talbot.*

houſe

houſe of lords our decrees are final, and it would be hard for any, by ſurprize, to be abſolutely cut out from making his defence. The whole houſe ſeeming to be of the ſame mind, they put off the cauſe to *Thurſday* five weeks; and ordered the reſpondents, in the mean time, to be ſerved with an order to put in their anſwer; and if they did not anſwer by that time, the houſe would proceed abſolutely to hear the cauſe *ex parte*. I muſt own to you, the chancellor propoſed to put it off only for a month; and it was I alone deſired it might be for five weeks, giving for a reaſon, that ſince the appellant was diſappointed once, after having been at the expence of ſeeing his counſel, he might not be ſo a ſecond time: and ſince his adverſaries were ready to make all the chicane poſſible, they might not have the pretence for another, by ſaying, as the uſual time was five weeks, and this order but for a month, they expected they were to be allowed the uſual time; ſo I thought it was better giving them a week more, than leaving

them any room for further chicane. As I have not ſeen your friend Mr. *Skerret* ſince this order, I do not know how he takes it: but I was reſolved to give you this account of what happened but a few hours ago, that you might be convinced of my diligence to gratify you in every thing you deſire of, Sir, your moſt ſincere faithful humble ſervant.

As the houſe of commons were but yeſterday on the practice of opening letters, you will not wonder, if I expect this to be opened.

LETTER CCCXLII.

Lord C———— to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Jermyn-Street, March 6th, 1734-5.

I HAD the honour of your letter, and attended the cauſe yeſterday, and the day before: it went for your friend upon the juſteſt principle, and that unanimouſly. He did not only carry his cauſe before the houſe, but his future cauſe ſpringing out of this, is mended by the decree. The chancellor ſaid, the reſpondent had more reaſon to appeal than the appellant. Mr. *Lindſay*, who informed you right in all the matters you mentioned to me, will inform you, on peruſing our decree, of the reaſon of the chancellor's expreſſion. I have a partiality for captain *Rowley* in every thing but judicature; and in that capacity, if judge *Lindſay* and I ſat together, I fanſy by what I know of him, that we ſhould ſeldom diſagree.

I thank you for taking notice of the proſperous events that have happened to my family. If alliance and the thoughts of proſperity can bind a man to the intereſt of his country, I am certainly bound to ſtand by liberty; and when you ſee me forgetful of that, may you treat me like * *Traulus* and *Piſtorides*. I am impatient for four volumes ſaid to be your works, for which my wife and I have ſubſcribed; and we expected a dozen of copies from Mr. *Tickell* laſt packet.

I intend theſe works ſhall be the firſt foundation of the libraries of my three grandſons. In the mean time, they will be ſtudied by my ſons and ſons-in-law.

I deſire you will condeſcend to make my compliments to Dr. *Delaney*, for whom I have a moſt hearty eſteem, though I know he thinks me not ſerious enough upon certain arduous points of antiquity.

* *Joſhua*, lord *Allen*, a privy counſellor, and *Richard Tighe*, Eſq;

Sir,

Sir,

That you may enjoy the continuance of all happineſs, is my wiſh: as for futurity, I know your name will be remembered, when the names of kings, lords lieutenants, archbiſhops, and parliament politicians, will be forgotten; at laſt, you yourſelf muſt fall into oblivion, which may happen in leſs than a thouſand years, though the term may be uncertain, and will depend on the progreſs that barbarity and ignorance may make, notwithſtanding the ſedulous endeavours to the contrary, of the great prelates in this and ſucceeding ages. My wife, my mother, my mother-in-law, my, *&c. &c. &c.* all join with me in good wiſhes to you; and, I hope, you will continue to believe, that I am with the greateſt reſpect, Sir, your moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant.

LETTER CCCXLIII.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, London, March 11th, 1734-5.

I HAVE often deſired our friend *Pope*, when he wrote to you, to allow me a corner of his letter, to aſſure you of my moſt humble ſervice; but the little man never remembered it, and it was not worth troubling you with a letter of my own on ſo inſignificant an occaſion.

Your recommending Mr. *Lorinan* to me, gives me great pleaſure and ſatisfaction, as it is an inſtance of your kind remembrance and friendſhip. I promiſe you, whoever at any time comes to me from you, ſhall be ſure of meeting with the utmoſt of my endeavours to ſerve them. I am glad I can acquaint you, Mr. *Lorinan* has all the ſucceſs he could expect or wiſh for: his cauſe was a good one, and he had the honour of having it greatly attended. When it was over, he aſked

aſked me, (but in a very modeſt way) whether it was poſſible to get him made receiver of the new biſhop of *Derry*'s rents? I told him, I would try; I did ſo, but found it would not ſucceed, and ſo dropped it immediately.

What do you ſay to the buſtle made here to prevent the * man from being an *Engliſh* biſhop, and afterwards allowing him to be a good Chriſtian enough for an *Iriſh* one? Sure, the oppoſition, or the acquieſcence, muſt have been moſt abominably ſcandalous. By what I can learn of Dr. *Rundle*'s character, (for I am not in the leaſt acquainted with him myſelf) he is far from being the great and learned man his friends would have the world believe him; and much farther yet, from the bad man his enemies repreſent him.

* Dr. *Thomas Rundle* was promoted to the rich ſee of *Derry* in *Ireland*, in *February*, 1734-5, after being prevented from getting the ſee of *Glouceſter*, in *England*, which had been intended for him in *November*, 1734; but he was then, as is ſaid, charged with *Arianiſm*, and alſo, with denying the truth of *Abraham*'s offering up his ſon. The diſpute concerning his promotion to the ſee of *Glouceſter*, was between the chancellor and the biſhop of *London*: the chancellor was his friend, and the biſhop his enemy.

Our right reverend brethren continue to dwell together in the ſtricteſt political unity; whether it be like the dew of *Hermon* upon the hill of *Sion*, or like the ointment that ran down into *Aaron*'s beard, and to the ſkirts of his cloathing, I cannot ſay; but I am ſure, it is a good joyful thing for the miniſters to behold. This has enabled them to prevent any enquiry into the ſcandalous method of *nominating*, inſtead of *electing* the ſixteen *Scotch* peers: and theſe, and they together, make a moſt dreadful body in that houſe. We are not quite ſo bad in our's; but I own to you, that I am heartily tired of ſtruggling to no purpoſe againſt the corruption that does prevail, and, I ſee, always will prevail there. Poor *Arbuthnott*, who grieved to ſee the wickedneſs of mankind, and was particularly eſteemed of his own countrymen †, is dead. He lived the laſt ſix months in a bad ſtate of health, and hoping every night would be his laſt; not that he endured any bodily pain, but as he was quite weary of the world, and tired with ſo

† 'He was a native of *Scotland*.'

much

much bad company †. What I have ſaid of the doctor, may perhaps deter you from coming among us; but if you had any thoughts of viſiting *England* this ſummer, I can aſſure you of ſome friends, who wiſh to live with you, and know how to value and eſteem you. Among them, there is none that does ſo, more ſincerely than, dear Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

WILLIAM PULTENEY.

Mrs. *Pulteney* is very much your humble ſervant, and joins in inviting you here next ſummer.

† This, admitting the fact, is very remarkable of a man of *Arbuthnott*'s turn; a man of humour, whoſe mind ſeemed to be always pregnant with comic ideas, and turned chiefly, if not only, to that which is ridiculous even in vice itſelf. That to ſuch a man, to whoſe fancy almoſt every character, and every event furniſhed a comedy, death ſhould be welcome becauſe life was inſipid, is a melancholy and ſtriking proof, that *even in laughter the heart is ſorrowful*; or, that thoſe who are beſt qualified to make others merry, are not always merry themſelves; that their mirth is not an effuſion of hillarity that overflows their own breaſts, but often the mere effect of a painful effort, exerted chiefly for the gratification of vanity, the ſad concomitant of vexation of ſpirit. See the doctor's own account of himſelf, which ſeems not perfectly to agree with what is here ſaid of him in his letter, dated *October* 4th, 1734.

LETTER CCCXLIV.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

April the 5th, 1735.

PART the firſt, you order me to give up my ſecretaryſhip; and part the ſecond, called poſtſcript, you employ me about Dr. *Sheridan*'s exchange, when the letters for it muſt have been at *Dublin* long before your's came away. I was juſt thinking, that you was a little upon the dear joy; but to be ſure, you were in the right, for what ſignified my ſecretaryſhip when I had no buſineſs?

The counteſs of *Suffolk* did not give up the firſt employment at court, for ſhe had no other than miſtreſs of the robes, being 400*l.* a year, which the ducheſs of *Dorſet* quitted to her, there being no lady of the bed-chamber's place vacant, and it not being quite proper for a counteſs to continue bedchamber-woman. As to her part about *Gay*, that I cleared to you long ago: for, to my certain knowledge,

ledge, no woman was ever a better friend than ſhe by many ways proved herſelf to him. As to what you hint about yourſelf, as I am wholly ignorant what it is you mean, I can ſay nothing upon it. And as to the queſtion, Whether you ſhould congratulate or condole? I believe, you may do either, or both, and not be in the wrong: for I truly think ſhe was heartily ſorry, to be obliged, by ill uſage, to quit a maſter and miſtreſs that ſhe had ſerved ſo juſtly, and loved ſo well. However, ſhe has now much more eaſe and liberty, and accordingly her health better.

Mrs. *Floyd* has a cough every winter, and generally ſo bad, that ſhe often frightens me for the conſequences. My ſaucy niece * preſents her ſervice to parſon *Swift*. The ducheſs of *Dorſet* is gone to *Bath* with lady *Lambert*, for her health; ſhe has not been long enough there yet to find the good effects of the waters:

* ' *Mary*, eldeſt daughter, and one of the coheirs of *Thomas Chambers* of *Hanworth*, in *Middleſex*, Eſq; by lady *Mary Berkeley*, ſiſter to earl *Berkeley* and to lady *B — G ——*. She married in *April* 1736, lord *Vere Beauclerc*, now lord *Vere*.'

but

but as they always did agree with her, I have great hopes they will now quite cure her cholic.

In all likelihood, you are weary by this time of reading, and I am of writing ſuch a long letter; ſo adieu, my dear Dean.

LETTER CCCXLV.

The Archbiſhop of CASHELL to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Caſhell, April 7th, 1735.

I SUPPOSE by this time you have been informed, that Mr. † *Dunkin* was ordained here laſt *Thurſday*, and that your recommendations got the better of my prejudices to his unhappy genius; which, I hope will in ſome degree convince you, that your power over me is not yet quite worn out.

It is one of the greateſt evils that attends thoſe whom fortune has forſaken, that their friends forſake them too: and

† The reverend Mr. *Dunkin*, the author of ſeveral poetical pieces that have been well received.

let

let me tell you, that your not ſeeing me the whole winter I was laſt in *Dublin*, was not a leſs mortification to me, than all the hard ſayings of the great parliament orators. However, I muſt own your taking any occaſion to write to me at all, has made ſome amends; for though you ſeem deſignedly to cover it, I think, I perceive ſome little marks of that former kindneſs, which I once pleaſed myſelf to have had a ſhare in with your lawyer-friends. When I converſed with politicians, I learned, that it was not prudent to ſeem fond of what one moſt deſires: for which reaſon, I won't tell you, that if this accident of your poetical friend ſhould open a way to our frequent meeting together again, and being put upon the old foot, as when I was your ſubject at *St. Patrick*'s, I ſhould think myſelf the happieſt man in the world; but this I will ſay, that if it falls out ſo, this laſt heavy period of my life will be much more tolerable than it is at preſent.

I am now wholly employed in digging up rocks, and making the way eaſier to

my church; which, if I can ſucceed in, I deſign to repair a very venerable old fabric, that was built here in the time of our ignorant (as we are pleaſed to call them) anceſtors. I wiſh this age had a little of their piety, though we gave up, inſtead of it, ſome of our immenſe erudition. What if you ſpent a fortnight here this ſummer? I have laid aſide all my country politics, ſheriffs, elections, feaſts, *&c.* And I fanſy, it would not be diſagreeable to you, to ſee king *Cormack*'s chapel, his bed-chamber, *&c.* all built, beyond controverſy, above eight hundred years ago, when he was king, as well as archbiſhop. I really intend to lay out a thouſand pounds to preſerve this old church; and I am ſure, you would be of ſervice to poſterity, if you aſſiſted me in the doing it; at leaſt, if you approved the deſign, you would give the greateſt pleaſure, I aſſure you, to your moſt affectionate and faithful humble ſervant,

THEO. CASHELL.

LET-

LETTER CCCXLVI.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, London, April the 29th, 1735.

I AM obliged to you for your letter by Dr. *Stopford*; to which I am ſorry I can ſo ſoon, by him, return you an anſwer. I have ſcarce had any opportunity of ſeeing him. One day, believing we ſhould have had no buſineſs in parliament, I deſired him to dine with me; but unluckily a debate aroſe, which kept us till nine at night before we ſat down to dinner. We have had a very fatiguing ſeſſion, more from the ſevere attendance on elections, than any other public buſineſs. The miniſters have been defeated in their expectation of weeding the houſe; and upon the whole, we ſtand ſtronger in numbers than we did at firſt ſetting out. I have ſent you the copy of a bill, now depending in our houſe, for the encouragement

of

of learning * (as the title bears) but I think, it is rather of advantage to book-ſellers than authors. Whether it will paſs or not this ſeſſion, I cannot ſay; but if it ſhould not, I ſhould be glad of your thoughts upon it againſt another ſeſſion. It ſeems to me to be extremely imperfect at preſent. I hope you have many more writings to oblige the world with, than thoſe which have been ſo ſcandalouſly ſtolen from you. And when a bill of this nature paſſes in *England* (as I hope it will next year) you may then ſecure the property to any friend, or any charitable uſe you think fit.

I thank you for the many kind expreſſions of friendſhip in your letter. If my public conduct has recommended me to your eſteem, I am extremely proud of the reward, and value it more than thoſe do, who attain fooliſh ribbons, or fooliſh titles, *vilia ſervitutis premia* †. Pray therefore continue me your friendſhip,

* 'The title of it was, *An Act for the better Encouragement of Learning.*'

† This was before he attained the title of earl of *Bath.*

and

and believe me, with the greateſt ſincerity and regard, dear Sir, your moſt humble and obedient ſervant,

W. PULTENEY.

Lord *Bolingbroke* is going to *France* with lord *Berkeley*; but I believe, will return again in a few months.

I will take a proper opportunity of recommending Dr. *Stopford* to the duke of *Dorſet*; but I think it is not yet quite certain, that he will continue lord lieutenant. I mean, that if he perceives, that he is to be turned out ſoon after his return from *Ireland*, poſſibly he may deſire not to go.

LETTER CCCXLVII.

Dr. SWIFT to Lady B—— G——.

MADAM, May 5th, 1735.

I FIND your ladyſhip ſeems not very much pleaſed with your office of ſecretary; which, however, you muſt be obliged to hold during the duke's government, if I happen to outlive it, which for your comfort, conſidering my health, is not very likely. I have not been a troubleſome petitioner to his grace, and intend to be leſs; and, as I have always done, will principally conſider my lord duke's honour. I have very few friends in want. I have kindred enough, but not a grain of merit among them, except one female, who is the only couſin I ſuffer to ſee me. When I had credit for ſome years at court, I provided for above fifty people in both kingdoms, of which, not one was a relation. I have neither followers, nor foſterers, nor dependers; ſo that if I lived now among the great,

they might be ſure I would never be a ſolicitor, out of any regard but merit and virtue; and in that caſe, I would reckon I was doing them the beſt ſervice in my power: and if they were good for any thing, I would expect their thanks; for they want nothing ſo much as an honeſt judicious recommender, which in perfect modeſty, I take myſelf to be. Dr. *Sheridan* is gone to his ſchool in the country, and was only delayed ſo long on account of ſome very unneceſſary forms, contrived by his grace's moſt cautious deputies.

My letter is but juſt begun; the larger half remains: and your ladyſhip is to make a freſh uſe of your ſecretary employment. The counteſs of *Kerry*, my long friend and miſtreſs, commanded me to attend her yeſterday: ſhe told me, that Mr. *Deering*, late deputy clerk of the council, being dead, ſhe had thoughts of ſoliciting the ſame office for her younger ſon, Mr. *John Fitzmaurice*. Her eldeſt ſon, lord *Fitzmaurice*, hath for ſome years

been plagued with a wife and no wife *. The caſe hath been tried in both kingdoms, and he ſtands excommunicated and forced to live abroad, which is a very great misfortune to the earl of *Kerry* and his lady; and they have nothing left to comfort them but their younger ſon, who hath lately married honeſtly and indiſputably. He is a young gentleman of great regularity, very well educated, but hath no employment; therefore his parents would be very deſirous he ſhould have one, and this, of deputy clerk of the council here, would be a very proper introduction to buſineſs. It is underſtood here, that the purchaſe of the deputy clerk's office is the uſual perquiſite of the chief clerk, with the conſent of the chief governor, with which, my lord and lady *Kerry* would very readily and

* When the woman died, who claimed a marriage with this young nobleman, he married lady *Gertrude Lambert*, eldeſt daughter to *Richard* earl of *Cavan*, 29th *June* 1738, by whom he had the preſent earl of *Kerry*. The honourable *John Fitzmaurice*, here recommended by Dr. *Swift* for ſmall employments, afterwards ſucceeded his uncle, *Henry* earl of *Shelburn*, in his honours and an immenſe eſtate, both real and perſonal. The preſent earl of *Shelburn* is his ſon.

thankfully

thankfully fall in. And as the earl of *Kerry*'s is one of the moſt antient and noble families of the kingdom, his younger ſon might well pretend to ſucceed in ſo ſmall an office, upon an equal foot with any other perſon. I own this propoſal of mine is more ſuitable to the corruption of the times, than to my own ſpeculative notions of virtue; but I muſt give ſome allowance to the degeneracy of mankind, and the paſſion I have to my lady *Kerry*, &c.

LETTER CCCXLVIII.

The Archbiſhop of CASHELL to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Caſhell, May the 5th, 1735.

I HAVE been ſo unfortunate in all my conteſts of late, that I am reſolved to have no more, eſpecially where I am like to be over-matched: and as I have ſome reaſon to hope what is paſt will be forgotten, I confeſs, I did endeavour in my laſt to put the beſt colour I could think of upon a very bad cauſe. My friends judge right of my idleneſs, but in reality, it has hitherto proceeded from a hurry and confuſion, ariſing from a thouſand unlucky unforeſeen accidents, rather than mere ſloth.

I have but one troubleſome affair now upon my hands, which by the help of the prime ſerjeant I hope ſoon to get rid of; and then you ſhall ſee me a true *Iriſh* biſhop. Sir *James Ware* has made a very uſeful collection of the memorable actions

of

of all my predeceſſors. He tells us, they were born in ſuch a town of *England* or *Ireland*; were conſecrated ſuch a year, and if not tranſlated, were buried in their cathedral church, either on the North or South ſide. From whence I conclude, that a good biſhop has nothing more to do than to eat, drink, grow fat, rich, and die; which laudable example, I propoſe for the remainder of my life to follow: for to tell you the truth, I have for theſe four or five years paſt met with ſo much treachery, baſeneſs, and ingratitude, among mankind, that I can hardly think it incumbent upon any man to endeavour to do good to preſerve a generation.

I am truly concerned at the account you give me of your health. Without doubt a Southern ramble will prove the beſt remedy you can take to recover your fleſh; and I don't know, except in one ſtage, where you can chuſe a road ſo ſuited to your circumſtances, as from *Dublin* hither. You have to *Kilkenny* a turnpike and good inns, at every ten or

twelve miles end. From *Kilkenny* hither is twenty long miles, bad road, and no inn at all: but, I have an expedient for you. At the foot of a very high hill, juſt mid-way, there lives in a neat thatched cabin, a parſon, who is not poor; his wife is allowed to be the beſt little woman in the world. His chickens are the fateſt, and his ale the beſt in all the country. Beſides, the parſon has a little cellar of his own, of which he keeps the key, where he always has a hogſhead of the beſt wine that can be got, in bottles well corked, upon their ſide; and he cleans, and pulls out the cork better, I think, than *Robin*. Here I deſign to meet you with a coach: if you be tired, you ſhall ſtay all night; if not, after dinner, we will ſet out about four, and be at *Caſhell* by nine; and, by going through fields and by-ways, which the parſon will ſhew us, we ſhall eſcape all the rocky and ſtony roads that lie between this place and that. I hope you will be ſo kind as to let me know a poſt or two before you ſet out, the very day you

you will be at *Kilkenny*, that I may have all things prepared for you. It may be, if you aſk him, *Cope* will come; he will do nothing for me. Therefore, depending upon your poſitive promiſe, I ſhall add no more arguments to perſuade you. And am, with the greateſt truth, your moſt faithful and obedient humble ſervant,

THEO. CASHELL.

LETTER CCCXLIX.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

London, July the 12th, 1735.

I HAVE not anſwered yours of the 15th of *June* ſo ſoon as I ſhould; but the duke of *Dorſet* had anſwered all yours e'er your letter came to my hands. So I hope all cauſes of complaint are at an end, and that he has ſhewed himſelf, as he is, much your friend and humble ſervant, though he wears a garter, and had his original from *Normandy*, if heralds don't lie, or his granums did not play falſe; and whilſt he is lord lieutenant

which

(which I heartily wiſh may not be much longer) I dare ſay will be very glad of any opportunity to do what you recommend to him. Thus far will I anſwer for his grace, though he is now in the country, and cannot ſubſcribe to it himſelf.

Now to quite another affair. The counteſs of *Suffolk* (whom you know I have long had a great eſteem and value for) has been ſo good and gracious as to take my brother *George Berkeley* for better, for worſe; though I hope in God the laſt will not happen, becauſe I think he is an honeſt good-natured man. The town is ſurprized; and the town talks, as the town loves to do, upon theſe ordinary extraordinary occaſions. She is indeed four or five years older than he, and no more; but, for all that, he hath appeared to all the world, as well as me, to have long had (that is, ever ſince ſhe hath been a widow, ſo pray don't miſtake me) a moſt violent paſſion for her, as well as eſteem and value for her numberleſs good qualities. Theſe things well conſidered,

I do

I do not think they have above ten to one againſt their being very happy: and if they ſhould not be ſo, I ſhall heartily wiſh him hanged, becauſe I am ſure it will be wholly his fault. As to her fortune, though ſhe has been twenty years a court favourite, yet I doubt ſhe has been too diſintereſted to enlarge it, as others would have done. And Sir *Robert* *, her greateſt enemy, does not tax her with getting quite forty thouſand pounds. I wiſh—but fear it is not near that ſum. But what ſhe has, ſhe never told me, nor have I ever aſked; but what ever it is, they muſt live accordingly; and he had of his own wherewithal to live by himſelf eaſily and genteely. In this hurry of matrimony I had like to forget to anſwer that part of your letter, where you ſay, you never heard of our being in print together. I believe it was about twenty years ago, Mr. *Curll* ſet forth letters amorous, ſatirical, and gallant, between Dr. *Swift*, lady *Mary Chamber*, lady *Betty Germain*, and Mrs. *Anne Long*, and ſeve-

* *Walpole*, afterwards earl of *Orford*.

ral

ral other perſons. I am afraid ſome of my people uſed them according to their deſert; for they have not appeared above-ground this great while. And now to the addition of writing the brave large hand you make me do for you, I have bruiſed my fingers prodigiouſly, and can ſay no more but adieu.

LETTER CCCL.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

Sept. 4th, 1735.

IF you are not angry with me for my long ſilence, I take it ill, and need make no excuſe; and if you are angry, then I would not willingly make you ſorry too, which I know you will be, when I tell you, that I was laid up at *Knowle* with a ſevere fit of the gout. And ſince that infallible cure for all diſeaſes, which all great fools and talkers wiſh joy of, I have never been quite well, but have had continually ſome diſorder or other, which made my head and ſpirits unfit for writ-

ing,

ing, or indeed doing any thing I ſhould. I am ſtill ſo much out of order, that I am under great apprehenſions I ſhall not be able to go, next year, part of the journey to *Ireland* with their graces; which is alſo part of the road to *Drayton*, where I intend to ſtay till *November*, in hopes that ſummer deferred its coming till I was there; for I am ſure, hitherto, we have had little but winter weather.

I am glad matters are ſettled between his grace of *Dorſet* and you; and I dare anſwer, as you are both right thinkers, and of courſe upright actors, there wants but little explanation between you; ſince I, that am the go-between, can eaſily find out, that he has as ſincere a value for you, as you have for him. I do aſſure you I am extremely delighted, that ſince lady *Suffolk* would take a maſter (commonly called a huſband) ſhe choſe my brother *George*; for if I am not partial to him, which indeed I don't know that I am, his ſincere value, love, and eſteem for her, muſt make him a good man.

We are now full of expectation of his royal highneſs's * wedding. Her highneſs's jewels are bought, and her cloaths beſpoke; and a gallery of communication is making between his apartment and *St. James's*; but as I do not love to pry into myſteries of ſtate, I don't at all know when the lady will come over. Your friend Mrs. *Floyd* is grown fat and well under the ducheſs of *Dorſet's* care and direction at *Knowle*. Our friend *Curll* has again reprinted what he called our letters, as a proper third part of Mr. *Pope's*. He ſhould have made thoſe ſilly bitter verſes on me to have been his too, inſtead of Sir *William Trumbal's*, whom they juſt as much belonged to. But you patriots are ſo much afraid of ſuppreſſing the preſs, that every body muſt ſuffer under that, and the lyes of the news papers, without hopes of redreſs. Adieu, my dear Dean.

* *Frederick*, then prince of *Wales*.

LETTER CCCLI.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Nov. the 13th, 1735.

I HONESTLY confeſs I was honoured with yours above a month ago, which ought in all love and reaſon to have been anſwered above a month ſince; but I know your ſaucineſs, as well as you know my niece's; with this difference, that as age is to mend her's, it makes your's grow worſe; and the anſwer to me had been,—Oh! ſhe can give a quick reply to mine; now the duke and ducheſs are here, ſhe wants to know more frequently how and what they do?

I can tell you no ſtory of the ring (which you want to know) but that it came to my hands through proper windings and turnings from an earl of *Peterborow*; and the connoiſſeurs ſay, it is an antique, and a pretty good one. I am very well pleaſed and happy, if it ever ſerves to put you in mind that I am your humble ſervant.

I came

I came laſt week from my houſe in *Northamptonſhire*. I cannot ſay the weather permitted me much exerciſe abroad; but as that houſe is large, the neceſſary ſteps the miſtreſs muſt make, is ſome; and I never loſt any time I could get to walk out, and ſometimes drove abroad in a chair, with one horſe; for being a bad rider, I approve much more of that than mounting my palfrey. And whether it was this, or the country air, or chance, I know not; but, thank God, I am at preſent as well as ever I was in my life.

I am wholly ignorant who is or will be biſhop of *Corke*; for his grace is ſuch a ſilly conceited man, that he never vouchſafes to conſult me in the affairs of his kingdom. I only know that I wiſh heartily for Dr. *Whetcombe**, becauſe he ſeems to be a modeſt good ſort of a man; and if I was his grace, ſince there can

* *John Whetcombe*, D. D. then fellow of *Dublin* college, made biſhop of *Clonfort* in *Ireland*, 24th *December*, 1735, and conſecrated 4th *January* following. He was afterwards tranſlated to the archbiſhopric of *Caſhell*, and died in 1754.

be

be no objection againſt him in this, he ſhould have it. But as theſe matters are above my capacity, I do aſſure you I do not in the leaſt pretend to meddle with them.

I hope, whenever you aſk me about the counteſs and *George*, I ſhall be able to anſwer you, as I can ſafely do now, that as yet there is no ſort of appearance that they like one another the worſe for wearing. Mrs. *Compoſition* † is much your humble ſervant, and has not yet got her winter cough. God bleſs you, and adieu.

† Mrs. *Biddy Floyd.*

LETTER CCCLII.

Dr. SWIFT to the Duke of DORSET.

MY LORD, December 30th, 1735.

YOUR grace fairly owes me one hundred and ten pounds a year in the church, which I thus prove. I desired you would bestow a preferment of one hundred and fifty pounds a year to a certain clergyman. Your answer was, that I asked modestly; that you would not promise, but you would grant my request. However, for want of good intelligence in being (after a cant word used here) an expert king-fisher, that clergyman took up with forty pounds a year; and I shall never trouble your grace any more in his behalf. Now by plain arithmetic it follows, that one hundred and ten pounds remains: and this arrear I have assigned to one Mr. *John Jackson*, who is vicar of *Santry*, and hath a small estate, with two sons, and as many daughters, all grown up. He hath lain some years as a weight

weight upon me, which I voluntarily took up, on account of his virtue, piety, and good ſenſe, and modeſty almoſt to a fault. Your grace is now diſpoſing of the *debris* ‡ of two biſhoprics, among which is the deanry of *Ferns*, worth between eighty and one hundred pounds a year, which will make this gentleman eaſier, who, beſides his other good qualities, is as loyal as you could wiſh.

I cannot but think, that your grace, to whom God hath given every amiable quality, is bound, when you have ſatisfied all the expectations of thoſe who have power in your club *, to do ſomething at the requeſt of others, who love you on your own account, without expecting any thing for themſelves. I have ventured once or twice to drop hints in favour of ſome very deſerving gentlemen, who I was aſſured had been recommended to you by perſons of weight; but I eaſily found by your general anſwers, that although I have been an old

‡ The ſhattered remains.
* The parliament of *Ireland*.

courtier, you knew how to ſilence me, by diverting the diſcourſe, which made me reflect that courtiers reſemble gameſters, the latter finding no arts unknown to the older; and one of them aſſured me, that he has loſt fourteen thouſand pounds ſince he left off play, merely by dabling with thoſe who had contrived new refinements.

My lord, I will, as a divine, quote ſcripture: Although the childrens meat ſhould not be given to dogs, yet the dogs eat the ſcraps that fall from the childrens table. This is the ſecond requeſt I have ever made your grace directly. Mr. *Jackſon* is condemned to live on his own ſmall eſtate, part whereof is in his pariſh about four miles from hence, where he hath built a family houſe, more expenſive than he intended. He is a clergyman of long ſtanding, and of a moſt unblemiſhed character; but the misfortune is, he hath not one enemy to whom I might appeal for the truth of what I ſay.

Pray,

Pray, my lord, be not alarmed at the word deanry, nor imagine it a dignity like thoſe we have in *England*; for, except three or four, the reſt have little power, rather none as a dean and chapter, and ſeldom any land at all. It is uſually a living conſiſting of one or more pariſhes, ſome very poor, and others better endowed; but all in tythes.

Mr. *Jackſon* cannot leave his preſent ſituation, and only deſires ſome very moderate addition. My lord, I do not deceive your grace, when I ſay, you will oblige great numbers even of thoſe who are moſt at your devotion, by conferring this favour, or any other, that will anſwer the ſame end. *Multa—veniet manus auxilio quæ—Sit mihi, (nam multo plures ſumus) ac veluti te—Judæi cogemus in hanc concedere turbam.*

I would have waited on your grace, and taken the privilege of my uſual thirteen minutes, if I had not been prevented by my old diſorder in my head; for which I have been forced to confine myſelf to the precepts of my phyſicians.

LETTER CCCLIII.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

Feb. the 10th, 1735-6.

I AM ſorry to hear your complaints ſtill of giddineſs. I was in hopes you would have mended, like my purblind eyes, with old age. According to the cuſtom of all old women, I muſt recommend to you a medicine, which is certainly a very innocent one, and they ſay does great good to that diſtemper, which is only wearing oil-cloth the breadth of your feet, and next to your ſkin. I have often found it do me good for the head-ach.

I don't know what offences the duke of *Dorſet*'s club, as you call them, commit in your eyes; but, to my apprehenſion, the parliament cannot but behave well, ſince they let him have ſuch a quiet ſeſſion. And as to all ſorts of politics, they are now my utter averſion, and I will leave them to be diſcuſſed by thoſe who have a better ſkill in them.

If

If my niece has been humbled by being nine years older, her late inherited great fortune will beautify her in the eyes of a great many people; ſo ſhe may grow proud again upon that. The counteſs of *Suffolk* is your humble ſervant. Mr. *Pope* and ſhe appear to have a true value for one another, ſo I ſuppoſe there is no doubt of it; I will anſwer for my friend's ſincerity, and I do not queſtion Mr. *Pope*'s. Why, pray, do you fancy I don't deſire to cultivate Mr. *Pope*'s acquaintance? But perhaps, if I ſeek it too much, I might meet with a rebuff, as you ſay her M. did. However, we do often dine together at third places; and, as to my own houſe, though he would be extremely welcome, he has too numerous friends and acquaintance already to ſpare me a day, unleſs you will come to *England*, and then he might be induced to meet you here. Mrs. *Biddy Floyd* has paſſed thus far of the winter in better health than uſual, though her cough will not forſake her. She is much your humble ſervant, and ſo is moſt ſincerely your old friend,

E—— G——.

LETTER CCCLIV.

Mrs. PANDARVES to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Brook-ſtreet, London, April 22d, 1736.

I AM ſorry you make uſe of ſo many good arguments for not coming to *Bath*. I was in hopes, you might be prevailed with. And though one of my ſtrongeſt reaſons for wiſhing you there was the deſire I had of ſeeing you, I aſſure you the conſideration of your health took place of it. I left *Bath* laſt *Sunday* ſev'n-night, very full and gay. I think *Bath* a more comfortable place to live in than *London*; all the entertainments of the place lie in a ſmall compaſs, and you are at your liberty to partake of them, or let them alone, juſt as it ſuits your humour. This town is grown to ſuch an enormous ſize, that above half the day muſt be ſpent in the ſtreets, going from one place to another. I like it every year leſs and leſs.

When

When I went out of town laſt autumn, the reigning madneſs was *Farinelli* * ; I find it now turned on *Paſquin*, a dramatic ſatire on the times †. It has had almoſt as long a run as the *Beggar*'s *Opera*; but, in my opinion, not with equal merit, though it has humour. Monſtrous preparations are making for the royal wedding ‡. Pearl, gold and ſilver, embroidered on gold and ſilver tiſſues. I am too poor and too dull to make one among the fine multitude. The newspapers ſay, my lord *Carteret*'s youngeſt daughter is to have the duke of *Bedford* ||. I hear nothing of it from the family; but think it not unlikely. The duke of *Marlborough* and his grandmother

* A celebrated *Italian* ſinger.

† This was written by the late *Henry Fielding*, and was a rehearſal of a comedy and a tragedy; the comedy was called *The Election*, and the tragedy, *The Life and Death of Queen Common-Senſe*. This and ſome other dramatic ſatires, by the ſame author, levelled againſt the adminiſtration of the late lord *Orford*, produced an act of parliament for licenſing the ſtage, and limiting the number of play-houſes, which was paſſed in 1737.

‡ Of *Frederick*, prince of *Wales*.

|| His grace married Miſs *Gower*, daughter of the lord *Gower* by his firſt wife, on the 1ſt of *April*, 1737.

are

are upon bad terms. The duke of *B*——, who has been ill treated by her, has offered the duke of *M*—— to ſupply him with ten thouſand pounds a year, if he will go to law and torment the old dowager. The duke of *Chandois*'s marriage has made a great noiſe; and the poor dutcheſs is often reproached with her being bred up in *Burr-ſtreet, Wapping* *.

Mrs. *Donnellan*, I am afraid, is ſo well treated in *Ireland*, that I muſt deſpair of ſeeing her here. She is ſo good to me in her letters, as always to mention you.

I hope I ſhall hear from you ſoon: you owe me that pleaſure, for the concern I was under when I heard you were ill. I am, Sir, your faithful, and obliged humble ſervant,

M. PANDARVES.

I beg my compliments to all friends that remember me, but particularly to Dr. *Delaney*.

* She was lady *Daval*, widow of Sir *Thomas Daval*, and had a fortune of 40,000l.

LET-

LETTER CCCLV.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

June 23d, 1736.

I OUGHT to begin with begging pardon for not anſwering your's of the 1ſt of *May*, before I thank you for that of the 15th of *June*: but I don't queſtion the news-papers have informed you of the great loſs I have had in my brother *Henry Berkeley*. * * *

* * * * * * *

* * * * *

She that you call my ſaucy niece, has beſtowed her very great fortune, (much more than you mention) on lord *Vere Beauclerk*, and had my approbation of her own choice, for I think him a very deſerving gentleman; and all that know him give him a great character. I am now with them in the country; but ſhall go, in about a fortnight, to *Knowle*; and, when I am there, will certainly obey your commands to the duke of *Dorſet*.

My

My brother *George* and lady *Suffolk* are gone to *France*, to make a viſit to lord *Berkeley*; which I am glad of, as I hope it will induce her to go to *Spaw* and *Aix-la-Chapelle* for her health, which I truly believe is all ſhe wants to make her eaſy and happy; or elſe my brother *George* is not the honeſt good-natured man I really take him to be; and ſhe diſſembles well if ſhe is not ſo happy as ſhe makes me believe, and I heartily wiſh her.

You order me to write long letters; but you may ſee by the nothingneſs of this, I am yet more unfit than ever to obſerve your orders, though in all things, and at all times, Your moſt ſincere and truly humble ſervant,

E. G.

LETTER CCCLVI.

Mr. DONNELLAN to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Corke, July 2d, 1736.

I HAD the favour of your commands in relation to Mr. * *Dunkin*; and, in purſuance of them, have wrote to two of my friends, among the ſenior fellows, and recommended his petition, and your requeſt, in the beſt and ſtrongeſt manner I was able. I am, upon many accounts, obliged to execute whatever orders you are pleaſed to give me, with the greateſt readineſs and chearfulneſs poſſible: which, I aſſure you, I do on this occaſion, and ſhall think myſelf very happy if

* A female relation of Mr. *Dunkin* had bequeathed an eſtate in land, for ever, to the college and fellows of *Trinity* college, *Dublin*, upon condition that they ſhould take care of his education, and afterwards aſſiſt to advance him in the world. The college, in conſequence of this requeſt, allowed him, at this time, an annuity, which he was now ſoliciting to get increaſed to 100l. He ſucceeded in his application; and the earl of *Cheſterfield*, when he had the government of *Ireland*, in the year 1746, gave him the ſchool of *Enniſkilling*, which is very richly endowed, and was founded by king *Charles* I.

I can

I can any way promote the ſucceſs of an affair which you wiſh well to. I hope all difficulties will be got over, by your appearance in his favour, and that your requeſt will have all that weight with the college that it ought. I reminded my friends (though I hope they had not forgot it) of the conſiderable ſervices you have done their houſe at different times, and let them know how much their compliance in this point would oblige you. After this, I think they muſt be very beaſts, if they do not ſhew their gratitude, when they have ſo fair an opportunity; and idiots, if they neglect purchaſing the Dean's favour at ſo cheap a rate.

Though I am come among a people that I think you are not very fond of, yet, this I muſt ſay in their favour, that they are not ſuch brutes as to be inſenſible of the Dean's merit. Ever ſince we came down, this town and country rung of your praiſes, for oppoſing the reduction of the coin; and they look upon the ſtop that is likely to be put to that affair, as a ſecond deliverance they owe you.

I hope

I hope the late fine weather has contributed to the recovery of your health: I am ſure it is what we all have reaſon to deſire the continuance of; and, what I beg you will believe, no one more truly and ſincerely wiſhes, with all other happineſs, than, Sir, your moſt obedient and obliged humble ſervant,

CHR. DONNELLAN.

LETTER CCCLVII.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

July the 11th, 1736.

SINCE, it ſeems, my letters are not for your own peruſal, but kept for a female couſin, to her this ought to be addreſſed; only that I am not yet in ſpirits to joke. I did not do ſo ill by your requeſt, as you apprehended by my letter, for I ſpoke to the duke much ſooner than I told you I ſhould, and did ſo as ſoon as it was poſſible for me, or as ſoon as I could have ſent it. The anſwer was, that he had that moment received a letter from

lord

lord *Orrery*, with the moſt preſſing inſtances for a deſerving friend of his: that the duke could not refuſe him; eſpecially as my lord *Orrery* had been moſt extremely obliging, and, for this whole ſeſſion, neglected no opportunity to endeavour to make his adminiſtration eaſy. Though, at the ſame time, he aſſured me, he would otherwiſe have been very glad to oblige you; and does agree, that the gentleman you recommended is very deſerving. All this you ſhould have known before, had I been able to write; but I have been laid up with the gout in my hand and foot, and thought it not neceſſary to make uſe of a ſecretary, ſince I had nothing more pleaſing to tell you. I ſhall always be extreme willing to be employed by you to him; nor do I make any queſtion but you will always recommend the worthy, as it is for your own honour as well as his. I will not agree, that you never did prevail, *on any one occaſion*; becauſe, the very firſt you did employ me about, was inſtantly complied with, though againſt a rule he thought right,

right, and, I knew before, he had ſet himſelf.

Lady *Suffolk* is now at *Spaw*, with my brother *George*, for her health; and, as I ſhall go, for my own, to the *Bath*, in *September*, I fear we ſhall not meet this great while. And now I muſt finiſh this long letter, which has not been quite eaſy to write, being ſtill your gouty, but faithful humble ſervant.

LETTER CCCLVIII.

Mrs. PANDARVES to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Brook-ſtreet, September the 2d, 1736.

I NEVER will accept of the writ of eaſe you threaten me with; don't flatter yourſelf with any ſuch hopes: I receive too many advantages from your letters to drop a correſpondence of ſuch conſequence to me. I am really grieved that you are ſo much perſecuted with a giddineſs in your head: the *Bath* and travelling would certainly be of uſe to you. Your want of ſpirits is a new com-

plaint, and what will not only afflict your particular friends, but every one that has the happineſs of your acquaintance. I am uneaſy to know how you do, and have no other means for that ſatisfaction, but from your own hand, moſt of my *Dublin* correſpondents being removed to *Corke*, to *Wicklow Mountains*, and the Lord knows where. I ſhould have made this enquiry ſooner, but that I have this ſummer undertaken a work that has given me full employment, which is making a grotto in Sir *John Stanley*'s garden at *North-End*: it is chiefly compoſed of ſhells I had from *Ireland*. My life for two months paſt has been very like a hermit's; I have had all the comforts of life but ſociety, and have found living quite alone a pleaſanter thing than I imagined. The hours I could ſpend in reading have been entertained by *Rollin*'s Hiſtory of the Ancients, in *French*. I am very well pleaſed with it; and think your *Annibals*, *Scipios*, and *Cyrus's*, prettier fellows than are to be met with now-a-days. Painting and muſic have had their ſhare

in my amuſements. I roſe between five and ſix, and went to bed at eleven. I would not tell you ſo much about myſelf, if I had any thing to tell you of other people. I came to town the night before laſt; and if it does not, a few days hence, appear better to me than at preſent, I ſhall return to my ſolitary cell. Sir *John Stanley* has been all the ſummer at *Tunbridge*.

I ſuppoſe you may have heard of Mr. *Pope*'s accident; which had like to have proved a very fatal one: He was leading a young lady into a boat, from his own ſtairs, her foot miſſed the ſide of the boat, ſhe fell into the water, and pulled Mr. *Pope* after her; the boat ſlipped away, and they were immediately out of their depth, and it was with ſome difficulty they were ſaved. The young lady's name is *Talbot:* ſhe is as remarkable for being a handſome woman, as Mr. *Pope* is for wit. I think I cannot give you a higher notion of her beauty, unleſs I had named you inſtead of him. I ſhall be impatient till I hear from you again; being, with

great ſincerity, your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

M. PANDARVES.

P. S. I forgot to anſwer, on the other ſide, that part of your letter that concerns my ſiſter. I do not know whether you could like her perſon as well as mine, becauſe ſickneſs has faded her complexion; but it is greatly my intereſt not to bring you acquainted with her mind, for that would prove a potent rival; and nothing but your partiality to me, as an older acquaintance, could make you give me the preference.

I beg my particular compliments to Dr. *Delaney* *. Sir *John Stanley* ſays, if you have not forgot him, he deſires to be remembered as your humble ſervant.

* This lady was ſometime afterwards married to Dr. *Delaney*.

LET-

LETTER CCCLIX.

Mrs. BARBER to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Bath, November the 3d, 1736.

I SHOULD long ſince have acknowledged the honour of your kind letter, but that I found my head ſo diſordered by writing a little, that I was fearful of having the gout in it; ſo I humbly beſeech you to pardon me; nor think me ungrateful, nor in the leaſt inſenſible of the infinite obligations I lie under to you, which, heaven knows, are never out of my mind.

How ſhall I expreſs the ſenſe I have of your goodneſs, in inviting me to return to *Ireland*, and generouſly offering to contribute to ſupport me there. But would it not be baſe in me, not to try to do ſomething for myſelf, rather than be burthenſome where I am already ſo much indebted?

As to the friend whom you ſay, Sir, is in ſo much better circumſtances, I ſhould be

be very unjuſt, if I did not aſſure you that friend has never failed of being extremely kind to me.

I find I need not tell you that I am not able to purſue the ſcheme of *letting lodgings*. Your goodneſs and compaſſion for my unhappy ſtate of health, has made you think of it for me; 'tis impracticable, but I am deſirous to try if I can do any good by ſelling *Iriſh* linen, which I find is coming much into repute here: in that way my daughter, who is willing to do every thing in her power, can be of ſervice, but never in the other.

If I ſhould go from *Bath*, I have reaſon to think, that the remainder of my life would be very miſerable, and that I ſhould ſoon loſe the uſe of my limbs for ever; ſince I find nothing but the bleſſing of God on theſe waters does me any good; beſides this, the intereſt of my children is a great inducement to me, for here I have the beſt proſpect of keeping up an acquaintance for them. My ſon, who is learning to paint, goes on very well, and, if he be in the leaſt approved of, in all probability

probability he may do very well at *Bath*; for I never yet ſaw a painter that came hither, fail of getting more buſineſs than he could do, let him be never ſo indifferent: and I am in hopes that *Con.* may ſettle here. Dr. *Mead*, whoſe goodneſs to me is great, may be of vaſt uſe to him, if he finds, as I hope he will, that he is worthy of his favour. And, if God bleſſes my ſons with ſucceſs, they are ſo well inclined, that I do not doubt but they would take a pleaſure in ſupporting me, if I can make a ſhift to maintain them and myſelf till then: and I find Mr. *Barber* is very willing to do what he can for them, though his circumſtances are far from being what you are told they are; not, I fear, half ſo good.

But though I cannot hope to be ſupported by letting lodgings, I would willingly take a houſe a little larger than I want for myſelf, if I could meet with it on reaſonable terms, that if any particular friend came, they might lodge in it, which would make it more agreeable: and, if I live till my ſon, the painter, goes

into buſineſs, he might be with me. As for *Con.* if he does not chuſe to ſettle here, good Dr. *Helſham*, with his uſual friendlineſs, has promiſed to honour him with his protection, if he returns to *Ireland*.

I have now, Sir, told you my ſchemes, and hope they will be honoured with your approbation, and encouraged by your inexpreſſible goodneſs to me. I have at length got reſolution enough to beg a favour, which, if you, Sir, condeſcend to grant, would make me rich, without impoveriſhing you.

When Dr. *King*, of *Oxford*, was laſt in *Ireland*, he had the pleaſure of ſeeing your Treatiſe on *Polite Converſation*, and gave ſuch an account of it in *London*, as made numbers of people very deſirous to ſee it. Lady *Worſeley*, who heard of it from Mrs. *Cleland** ; and many more of my patroneſſes preſſed me to beg it of you,

* 'Lady *Worſely*, wife of Sir *Robert Worſeley*. Mrs. *Cleland*, wife of major *William Cleland*, a friend of Mr. *Pope*, and author of the *Letter to the Publiſher of the Dunciad*, prefixed to the firſt correct edition of that poem.'

and

and aſſured me I might get a great ſubſcription if I had that, and a few of your *original poems*; if you would give me leave to publiſh an advertiſement, that you had made me a preſent of them. This they commanded me to tell you, above a *year ago*, and I have had many letters ſince upon that account; but, conſcious of the many obligations I already lay under, I have thought it a ſhame to preſume further upon your goodneſs: but, when I was laſt in *London*, they made me promiſe I would mention it the next time I wrote to you; and, indeed, I have attempted it many a time ſince, but never could till now.——I humbly beſeech you, Sir, if you do not think it proper, not to be offended with me for aſking it; for it was others that, out of kindneſs to me, put me upon it. They ſaid you made no advantage for yourſelf, by your writings; and, that, ſince you honoured me with your protection, I had all the reaſon in the world to think it would be a pleaſure to you, to ſee me in eaſy circumſtances; that every body

body would gladly ſubſcribe for any thing Dr. *Swift* wrote; and, indeed, I believe in my conſcience, it would be the making of me.

There are a great many people of quality here this ſeaſon; amongſt others, lady *Carteret*, and Mrs. *Spencer* †; who commanded me to make their beſt compliments to you. They came on Mrs. *Spencer*'s account, who is better in her health ſince ſhe drank theſe waters. I daily ſee ſuch numbers of people mended by them, that I cannot but wiſh you would try them: as you are ſenſible your diſorders are chiefly occaſioned by a cold ſtomach, I believe there is not any thing in this world ſo likely to cure that diſorder as the *Bath waters*; which are daily found to be a ſovereign remedy for diſorders of *that kind*: I know, Sir, you have no opinion of drugs, and why will you not try ſo agreeable a medicine, prepared by Providence alone? If you

† 'Daughter of lord *Carteret*, married, firſt to the honourable *John Spencer*, brother to the duke of *Marlborough*, and afterwards to the late earl *Cowper*.'

will

will not try for *your own ſake*, why will you not, in pity to your country? O! may that Being that inſpired you to be its defence in the day of diſtreſs, influence you to take the beſt method to preſerve a life of ſo much importance to an oppreſſed people!

Before I conclude, gratitude obliges me to tell you, that Mr. *Temple* || was here lately, and was exceedingly kind to me and my daughters. He made me a preſent of a hamper of very fine *Madeira*, which he ſaid was good for the gout, and diſtinguiſhed me in the kindeſt manner. He commanded me to make his beſt compliments to you, and ſays, he flatters himſelf, you will viſit *Moor-Park* once again: Heaven grant you may! and that I may be ſo bleſt as to ſee you, who am, with infinite reſpect and gratitude, your moſt obliged, moſt dutiful, humble ſervant,

MARY BARBER.

|| '*John Temple*, Eſq; nephew of Sir *William Temple*, whoſe grand-daughter he married. He was brother to the late lord viſcount *Palmerſtone*.'

LET-

LETTER CCCLX.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

November the 2d, 1736.

I AM ſorry to be ſo unlucky in my late errands between his grace and you; and he alſo is troubled at it, as the perſon you recommend, is, indeed, what you ſay, a very worthy perſon; but Mr. *Molloy*, who was lord *George*'s ſecond tutor, had the promiſe of the next preferment, ſo he cannot put him by for this. I wiſh I was more fortunate in my undertakings; but I verily believe it is a common calamity to moſt men in power, that they are often, by neceſſity, prevented from obliging their friends; and many worthy people go unrewarded. Whether you call this a court anſwer, or not, I am very poſitively ſure, he is heartily vexed when it is not in his power to oblige you. I have been very much out of order, or you ſhould have heard from me before: and I am now literally ſetting out for *Bath*. So adieu! dear Dean.

LET-

LETTER CCCLXI.

Lord CASTLEDURROW* to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Caſtledurrow, December 4th, 1736.

IT is now a month ſince you favoured me with your letter; I fear the trouble of another from me may perſuade you to excuſe my acknowledgments of it; but I am too ſenſible of the honour you do me, to ſuffer a correſpondence to drop, which I know ſome of the greateſt men in this age have gloried in. How then muſt my heart be elated! The fly on the chariot-wheel is too trite a quotation: I ſhall rather compare myſelf to a worm enlivened by the ſun, and crawling before it. I imagine there is a tinge of vanity in the meaneſt inſect; and who knows but even this reptile may pride itſelf in its curls and twiſts before its benefactor? This is more than the greateſt philoſo-

* This was *William* lord baron of *Caſtledurrow*, whoſe ſon *Henry* was created lord viſcount *Aſhbrook* in the year 1751.

pher can determine. Gueſſes are the privilege of the ignorant, our undoubted right, and what you can never lay claim to.

I am quite angry with your ſervant, for not acquainting you I was at your door. I greatly commend both your oeconomy and the company you admit at your table. I am told your wine is excellent. The additional groat is, I hope, for ſuet to your pudding. I fanſy I am as old an acquaintance as moſt you have in this kingdom; though it is not my happineſs to be ſo qualified as to merit that intimacy you profeſs for a few. It is now to little purpoſe to repine; though it grieves me to think I was a favourite of dean *Aldrich*, the greateſt man who ever preſided in that high poſt; that over *Virgil* and *Horace*, *Gay* and *Phillips* ſmoaked many a pipe, and drank many a quart with me, beſides the expence of a buſhel of nuts, and that now I am ſcarce able to reliſh their beauties. I know it is death to you to ſee either of them mangled; but a ſcrap of paper I deſign to incloſe,

will

will convince you of the truth. It was in joke to an old woman of ſeventy, who takes the laſt line ſo heinouſly, that, thanks to my ſtars, ſhe hates me in earneſt. So I devote myſelf to ladies of fewer years, and more diſcretion.

This, and ſuch other innocent amuſements, I devote myſelf to in my retirement. Once in two years I appear in the *anus* of the world, our metropolis. His grace, my old acquaintance, told me, I began to contract ſtrange old-faſhioned ruſt, and adviſed me to burſt out of my ſolitude, and refit myſelf for the public; but my own notion of the world, for ſome time paſt, is ſo confirmed by the ſanction of your opinion of it, that I reſolve this ſame ruſt ſhall be as dear to me, as that which enhanced the value of poor Dr. *Woodward*'s ſhield *; though

* The character of Dr. *Cornelius Scriblerus* in the *Memoirs* of his ſon *Martinus Scriblerus*, was intended for Dr. *Woodward*, who wrote a diſſertation on an antique ſhield; and Dr. *Cornelius* is repreſented as having intended to place his ſon in what he conceived to be an antique ſhield, to be chriſtened; but which being given to the maid, with its venerable ruſt upon it, ſhe ſcoured it bright, and then it appeared to be nothing more than an old ſconce without a nozzle.

it

it gave ſuch offence to his cleanly maid, that ſhe poliſhed it to none at all.

I ſhall appear very inconſiſtent with myſelf in now telling you, that I ſtill deſign the latter end of next ſix months for *England*. You allow I have ſome pretence to go there. My progreſs with my ſon will be farther; for which, perhaps, you too will condemn me, as well as other friends do. I ſhall be proud of the honour of your commands, and, with your leave, will wait upon you for them. I deſign to ſend you a pot of woodcocks for a *Chriſtmas*-box: ſmall as the preſent is, pray believe I am, with ſincere reſpect, Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

CASTLEDURROW.

Verſes by lord *Caſtledurrow*, incloſed in the former letter.

Lætitia's Character of her Lover, rendered in metre.

Old women ſometimes can raiſe his deſire
The young, in their turn, ſet his heart all on fire,

And

And ſometimes again he abhors woman-
kind.
Was ever poor wretch of ſo fickle a mind!

The Lover's Anſwer.

Parcius junctas quatiunt Feneſtras,
Ictibus crebris juvenes protervi;
Nec tibi Somnos adimunt: amatque
Janua Limen.

HOR. Lib. I. Ode 25.

No more ſhall frolic youth advance
In ſerenade, and am'rous dance;
Redoubling ſtroke no more ſhall beat
Againſt thy window and thy gate;
In idle ſleep now lie ſecure,
And never be unbarr'd the door.

LETTER CCCLXII.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, London, December the 21ſt, 1736.

I WAS at the *Bath* when I had the favour of your letter of the 6th of laſt month. I remember I once wrote to you from thence, therefore I reſolved not to hazard another by the croſs poſt, but ſtay till my return to *London*, to thank you for your kind remembrance of me. I am now, God be thanked, tolerably well in health again, and have done with all phyſic and water-drinking. My conſtitution muſt certainly be a pretty good one; for it has reſiſted the attacks of five eminent phyſicians for five months together, and I am not a jot the worſe for any of them. For the future I will preſerve myſelf by your advice, and follow your rules, of riſing early, eating little, drinking leſs, and riding daily. I hope this regimen will be long of uſe to both

both of us, and that we may live to meet again. I am exceedingly rejoiced at Mr. *Stopford*'s good ſucceſs, and have acknowledged my obligation to the duke of *Dorſet*, who I dare ſay will in time do more for him, becauſe he has promiſed it. My firſt deſire to ſerve him was ſolely becauſe I knew you eſteemed him. I was confident he muſt be a deſerving man, ſince *John Gay* aſſured me he was a very particular friend of yours. I afterwards, upon farther acquaintance, grew to love him for his own ſake, and the merit I found in him. Men of his worth and character do an honour to thoſe who recommend them. There is a ſentence, I think it is in *Tully's Offices*, which I admire extremely, and ſhould be tempted to take it for a motto, if ever I took one, *Amicis prodeſſe, nemini nocere*. It is a noble ſentiment, and ſhall be my rule, though perhaps never my motto. I fanſy there is no other foundation for naming ſo many ſucceſſors to the duke of *Dorſet*, than becauſe he has ſerved, as they call it, his time out. I am inclined to believe

he will go once more amongſt you, and the rather ſince I am told he gave great ſatisfaction the laſt time he was with you. Lord *Eſſex* will hardly be the perſon to ſucceed him, though I ſhould be glad he was, ſince I flatter myſelf he would be willing, on many occaſions, to ſhew ſome regard to my recommendations. I have lately ſeen a gentleman who is come from *France*, who aſſures me, the perſon you enquire after, and to whom you gave ſo many lectures of frugality, is in perfect health, and lives in great plenty and affluence. I own I doubt it; but, if it be true, I am ſure it cannot laſt long, unleſs an old gentleman would pleaſe to die, who ſeems at preſent not to have the leaſt inclination towards it, though near ninety years old. I verily think he is more likely to marry again than die.

Pope ſhewed me a letter he had lately from you. We grieved extremely to find you ſo full of complaints, and we wiſhed heartily you might be well enough to make a trip here in ſpring. Shifting the

ſcene was of great ſervice to me; perhaps it may be ſo to you. I mended from the moment I had croſſed the ſeas, and ſenſibly felt the benefit of changing air. His majeſty is ſtill on the other ſide. He has eſcaped being at ſea in the tempeſtuous weather we have had; but when the wind will let him come, God knows. Lord *Cheſterfield* ſays, if he does not come by *Twelfth-day*, the people will chooſe king and queen without him. I muſt tell you a ridiculous incident, perhaps you have not heard it; one Mrs. *Mapp*, a famous ſhe bone-ſetter and mountebank, coming to town with a coach and ſix horſes, on the *Kentiſh* road was met by a rabble of people, who ſeeing her very oddly and tawdrily dreſſed, took her for a foreigner, and concluded ſhe muſt be a certain great perſon's miſtreſs. Upon this they followed the coach, bawling out, No *Hanover* whore! no *Hanover* whore! The lady within the coach was much offended, let down the glaſs, and ſcreamed louder than any of them, She was no *Hanover* whore! ſhe was an *Engliſh*

liſh one! Upon which they cried out, God bleſs your ladyſhip! quitted the purſuit, and wiſhed her a good journey.

I hope to be able to attend the houſe next ſeſſions; but not with that aſſiduity as I have formerly done. Why ſhould I riſque the doing myſelf any harm, when I know how vain it is to expect to do any good. You that have been a long time out of this country, can have no notion how wicked and corrupt we are grown. Were I to tell you of half the rogueries come to my knowledge, you would be aſtoniſhed; and yet I dare ſay I don't know of half that are practiſed in one little ſpot of ground only; you may eaſily gueſs where I mean.

I will make your compliments to lord *Carteret*, when he comes to town. I am ſure he will be pleaſed with your kind mention of him; and if you will now and then let me hear from you, I ſhall look on the continuance of your correſpondence as a very particular honour; for I aſſure you, that I am, with the

the greateſt truth and eſteem, Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

WILLIAM PULTENEY.

LETTER CCCLXIII.

Lord CASTLEDURROW to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Caſtledurrow, Jan. 11th, 1736.

I RECEIVED the honour of your letter with that pleaſure which they have always given me. If I have deferred acknowledging longer than uſual, I ſhould not be at a loſs to make an excuſe, if I could be ſo vain as to imagine you required any. Virtue forbids us to continue in debt, and gratitude obliges us at leaſt to own favours too large for us to pay; therefore I muſt write rather than reproach myſelf, and bluſh at having neglected it when I wait upon you; though you may retort, bluſhes ſhould proceed rather from the pen than from ſilence; which pleads a modeſt diffidence, that often obtains pardon. I am

delighted with the ſketch of your Imperium, and beg I may be preſented to your firſt miniſter, Sir *Robert* *. Your puddings I have been acquainted with theſe forty years; they are the beſt ſweet thing I ever eat. The oeconomy of your table is delicious; a little, and perfectly good, is the greateſt treat; and that elegance in ſorting company puts me in mind of *Corelli*'s *orcaſtro* †, in forming which he excelled mankind. In this reſpect no man ever judged worſe than lord chancellor *Middleton*; his table the neateſt ſerved of any I have ſeen in *Dublin*, which to be ſure was intirely owing to his lady. You really ſurprize me, when you ſay you know not where to get a dinner in the whole town. *Dublin* is famous for vanity this way; and I think the miſtaken luxury of ſome of our grandees, and feaſting thoſe who come to laugh at us from the other ſide of

* Sir *Robert Walpole*, afterwards earl of *Orford*.

† 'His lordſhip probably uſes this word for *orcheſtre*. *Corelli*, the famous *Italian* muſician and compoſer, being eminent for his ſkill in forming and diſpoſing the ſeveral muſicians in a concert.'

the

the water, have done us as much prejudice as moſt of our follies. Not any lord lieutenant has done us more honour in magnificence than our preſent vice-roy*. He is an old intimate of my youth, and has always diſtinguiſhed me with affection and friendſhip. I truſt mine are no leſs ſincere for him. I have joy in hearing his virtues celebrated. I wiſh that he had gratified you in your requeſt. Thoſe he has done moſt for, I dare affirm, love him leaſt. It is pity there is any allay in ſo beneficent a temper; but if a friend can be viewed with an impartial eye, faults he has none; and if any failings, they are grafted in a puſilanimity, which ſinks him into complaiſance for men who neither love nor eſteem him, and has prevented him buoying up againſt their impotent threats, in raiſing his friends. He is a moſt amiable man, has many good qualities, and wants but one more to make him really a great man.

If you can have any commands to *England* for ſo inſignificant a fellow as

* The duke of *Dorſet*.

I am,

I am, pray prepare them againſt the beginning of next month. At my arrival in town, I ſhall ſend a meſſage in form for audience: but I beg to ſee you in your private capacity, not in your princely authority; for as both your miniſtry and ſenate are full, and that I cannot hope to be employed in either, I fear your revenue is too ſmall to grant me a penſion. And as I am not fit for buſineſs, perhaps you will not allow me a fit object for one, which charity only prompts you to beſtow. Thus, without any view of your highneſs's favour, I am independent, and with ſincere eſteem, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

CASTLEDURROW.

LETTER CCCLXIV.

Dr. SWIFT to Lady B—— G——.

MADAM, January 29th, 1736.

I OWE your ladyſhip the acknowledgment of a letter I have long received, relating to a requeſt I made to my lord duke. I now diſmiſs you, madam, for ever from your office of being a go-between upon any affair I might have with his grace. I will never more trouble him, either with my viſits or application. His buſineſs in this kingdom is to make himſelf eaſy; his leſſons are all preſcribed him from court; and he is ſure, at a very cheap rate, to have a majority of moſt corrupt ſlaves and idiots at his devotion. The happineſs of this kingdom is of no more conſequence to him, than it would be to the great *Mogul*; while the very few honeſt or moderate men of the *Whig* party, lament the choice he makes of perſons for civil employments, or church preferments.

I will

I will now repeat, for the laſt time, that I never made him a requeſt out of any views of my own; but intirely after conſulting his own honour, and the deſires of all good men, who were as loyal as his grace could wiſh, and had no other fault than that of modeſtly ſtanding up for preſerving ſome poor remainder in the conſtitution of church and ſtate.

I had long experience, while I was in the world, of the difficulties that great men lay under, in the point of promiſes and employments; but a plain honeſt *Engliſh* farmer, when he invites his neighbours to a chriſtening, if a friend happen to come late, will take care to lock up a ſcrap for him in the cupboard.

Henceforth I ſhall only grieve in ſilence, when I hear of employments diſpoſed of to the diſcontent of his grace's beſt friends in this kingdom; and the rather, becauſe I do not know a more agreeable perſon in converſation, one more eaſy, or of a better taſte, with a greater variety of knowledge, than the duke of *Dorſet*.

I am

I am extremely afflicted to hear that your ladyſhip's want of health hath driven you to the *Bath*; the ſame cauſe hath hindered me from ſooner acknowledging your letter. But, I am at a time of life to expect a great deal worſe; for I have neither fleſh nor ſpirits left: while you, madam, I hope, and believe, will enjoy many happy years, in employing thoſe virtues which heaven beſtowed on you, for the delight of your friends, the comfort of the diſtreſſed, and the univerſal eſteem of all who are wiſe and virtuous.

I deſire to preſent my moſt humble ſervice to my lady *Suffolk*, and your happy brother.

I am, with the trueſt reſpect, madam, your, *&c.*

LETTER CCCLXV.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. PULTENEY.

SIR, March 7th, 1736.

I MUST begin by aſſuring you, that I did never intend to engage you in a ſettled correſpondence with ſo uſeleſs a man as I here am; and ſtill more ſo, by the daily increaſe of ill health, and old age; and yet I confeſs, that the high eſteem I preſerve for your public and private virtues urgeth me on to retain ſome little place in your memory, for that time I may expect to live.

That I no ſooner acknowledged the honour of your letters is owing to your civility, which might have compelled you to write, while you were engaged in defending the liberties of your country, with more than an old *Roman* ſpirit, which hath reached this obſcure enſlaved kingdom, ſo far as to have been the conſtant ſubject of diſcourſe and of praiſe among the whole few of what unproſtituted people here remain among us.

I did

I did not receive the letter you mentioned from *Bath*; and yet I have imagined, for ſome months paſt, that the meddlers in the poſt-offices here and in *London* have grown weary of their curioſity, by finding the little ſatisfaction it gave them. I agree heartily in your opinion of phyſicians; I have eſteemed many of them as learned ingenious men; but I never received the leaſt benefit from their advice and preſcriptions. And poor Dr. *Arbuthnott* was the only man of the faculty who ſeemed to underſtand my caſe; yet could not remedy it. But to conquer five phyſicians, all eminent in their way, was a virtue that *Alexander* and *Cæſar* could never pretend to. I deſire that my preſcription of living may be publiſhed (which you deſign to follow) for the benefit of mankind; which, however, I do not value a ruſh, nor the animal itſelf as it now acts; and neither will I ever value myſelf as a *Philanthropus*, becauſe it is now a creature (taking a vaſt majority) that I hate more than a toad,

toad, a viper, a waſp, a ſtork, a fox, or any other that you will pleaſe to add.

Since the date of your letter, we underſtand there is another duke to govern here. Mr. *Stopford* was with me laſt night; he is as well provided for, and to his own ſatisfaction, as any private clergyman. He engaged me to preſent his beſt reſpects and acknowledgments to you. Your modeſty, in refuſing to take a motto, goes too far. The ſentence is not a boaſt, becauſe it is every man's duty in morality and religion *.

Indeed we differ here from what you have been told of the duke of *Dorſet*'s having given great ſatisfaction the laſt time he was with us. I wrote to a lady in *London*, his grace's near relation, an intimate †, that ſhe would no more continue the office of a go-between (as ſhe called herſelf) betwixt the duke and me, becauſe I never deſigned to attend him again; and yet I allow him to be as

* *Amicis prodeſſe, nemini nocere.* See Mr. *Pulteney*'s letter, dated *Dec.* 21, 1736.

† See his laſt letter to lady *B— G—*, dated *Jan.* 29, 1736.

agreeable

agreeable a perſon in converſation as I have almoſt any where met. I ſent my letter to that lady under a cover addreſſed to the duke; and in it I made many complaints againſt ſome proceedings, which I ſuppoſe he hath ſeen. I never made him one requeſt for myſelf; and if I ſpoke for another, he was always upon his guard; which was but twice, and for trifles.

The father of our friend in *France* ‡ may outlive the ſon; for I would venture a wager, that if you pick out twenty of the oldeſt men in *England*, nineteen of them have been the moſt worthleſs fellows in the kingdom. You tell me, with great kindneſs as well as gravity, that I ought, this ſpring, to make a trip to *England*, and your motive is admirable, that ſhifting the ſcene was of great ſervice to you, and therefore it may be ſo to me. I anſwer as an *Academick*, *Nego conſequentiam*. And beſides, compariſons are odious.

‡ 'The friend in *France* appears to be lord viſcount *Bolingbroke*, whoſe father, Sir *Henry St. John*, bart. had been created baron *St. John* of *Batterſea*, and viſcount *St. John*, 2d *July*, 1716.'

You are what the *French* call *plein du vie*. As you are much younger, ſo I am a dozen years older than my age makes me, by infirmities of mind and body; to which I add the perpetual deteſtation of all public perſons and affairs in both kingdoms. I ſpread the ſtory of Mrs. *Mapp* while it was new to us: there was ſomething humorous in it throughout, that pleaſed every body here. Will you engage your friend *Carteret* to oppoſe any ſtep towards arbitrary power? He hath promiſed me, under a penalty, that he will continue firm; and yet ſome reports go here of him, that have a little diſconcerted me. Learning and good ſenſe he hath, to a great degree, if the love of riches and power do not overbalance.

Pray God long continue the gifts he hath beſtowed you, to be the chief ſupport of liberty to your country, and let all the people ſay, Amen. I am, with the trueſt reſpect, and higheſt eſteem, Sir, your, *&c.*

LETTER CCCLXVI.

The Earl of O—— to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Corke, March 15, 1736-7.

I RECEIVED your commands, by *Faulkner*, to write to you. But what can I ſay? The ſcene of *Corke* is ever the ſame; dull, inſipid, and void of all amuſement. His ſacred majeſty was not under greater difficulty to find out diverſions at *Helvoetſluys*, than I am here. The butchers are as greaſy, the quakers as formal, and the preſbyterians as holy, and full of the Lord, as uſual: all things are in *ſtatu quo*; even the hogs and pigs gruntle in the ſame cadence as of yore. Unfurniſhed with variety, and drooping under the natural dulneſs of the place, materials for a letter are as hard to be found, as money, ſenſe, honeſty, or truth. But I will write on; *Ogilby*, *Blackmore*, and my lord *Grimſtone* *, have done the ſame before me.

* The author of a play called, *Love in a Hollow Tree.*

I have not yet been upon the *Change*; but am told, that you are the idol of the court of aldermen. They have ſent you your freedom. The moſt learned of them having read a moſt dreadful account, in *Littleton*'s dictionary, of *Pandora*'s gold box, it was unanimouſly agreed, not to venture ſo valuable a preſent in ſo dangerous a metal. Had theſe ſage counſellors conſidered, that *Pandora* was a woman, (which, perhaps, Mr. *Littleton* forgets to mention) they would have ſeen, that the enſuing evils aroſe from the ſex, and not from the ore. But I ſhall ſpeak with more certainty of theſe affairs, when I have taken my ſeat among the grey-beards.

My letters from *England* ſpeak of great combuſtions there. *Abſalom* continues a rebel to royal *David:* the *Achitophels* of the age are numerous and high-ſpirited. The influence of the comet ſeems to have ſtrange effects already. In the mean time, here live we, drones of *Corke*, wrapp'd up in our own filth, *procul a Jove et procul a fulmine*. Heaven, and all good

ſtars

ſtars protect you! For let the thunder burſt where it will, ſo that you are ſafe, and unſinged; who cares whether *Perſia* ſubmits its government to the renowned *Kouli Khan*, or that beardleſs, unexperienced youth, the *Sophi*. At leaſt, the vicar of *Bray* and I ſhall certainly be contented.

LETTER CCCLXVII.

The Earl of O—— to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Corke, March the 18th, 1736.

THIS is occaſioned by a letter I have * received from Mr. *Pope*, of which I ſend you a copy in my own hand, not caring to truſt the original to the accidents of the poſt. I likewiſe ſend you part of a fifth volume of *Curll*'s Thefts, in which you will find two letters to you, (one from Mr. *Pope*, the other from lord *Bolingbroke*) juſt publiſhed, with an impudent preface, by *Curll*. You ſee, *Curll*, like his friend the Devil, glides

* See the next letter.

through all key-holes, and thruſts himſelf into the moſt private cabinets.

I am much concerned to find that Mr. *Pope* is ſtill uneaſy about his letters; but, I hope, a letter I ſent him from *Dublin* (which he has not yet received) has removed all anxiety of that kind. In the laſt diſcourſe I had with you on this topic, you remember you told me, he ſhould have his letters; and I loſt no time in letting him know your reſolution.

I have ſaid ſo much on this ſubject, in the late happy hours you allowed me to paſs with you at the deanery, that there is little occaſion for adding more upon it at preſent; eſpecially as you will find, in Mr. *Pope*'s letter to me, a ſtrength of argument that ſeems irreſiſtible. As I have thoughts of going to *England* in *June*, you may depend upon a ſafe carriage of any papers you think fit to ſend him. I ſhould think myſelf particularly fortunate, to deliver to him thoſe letters he ſeems ſo juſtly deſirous of. I intreat you, give me that pleaſure! It will be a happy reflection to me in the lateſt hours

hours of my life; which, whether long or ſhort, ſhall be conſtantly ſpent in endeavouring to do what may be acceptable to the virtuous and the wiſe. I am, dear Sir, your very faithful and obliged humble ſervant.

LETTER CCCLXVIII.

Mr. POPE to the Earl of O——.

MY LORD,

AFTER having condoled ſeveral times with you on your own illneſs, and that of our friends, I now claim ſome ſhare myſelf; for I have been down with a fever, which yet confines me to my chamber. Juſt before, I wrote a letter to the Dean, full of my heart; and, among other things, preſſed him (which, I muſt acquaint your lordſhip, I had done twice before, for near a twelvemonth paſt) to ſecure me againſt that raſcal printer, by returning me my letters, which (if he had valued ſo much) I promiſed to ſend him copies of, merely that the originals

might not fall into ſuch ill hands, and thereby a hundred particulars be at his mercy; which would expoſe me to the miſconſtruction of many, the malice of ſome, and the cenſure, perhaps, of the whole world. A freſh incident made me preſs this again, which I incloſe to you, that you may ſhew him. The man's declaration, *That he had theſe two letters of the Dean's from your ſide the water*, with ſeveral others yet lying by, (which I cannot doubt the truth of, becauſe I never had a copy of either) is ſurely a juſt cauſe for my requeſt. Yet, the Dean, anſwering every other point of my letter, with the utmoſt expreſſions of kindneſs, is ſilent upon this; and, the third time ſilent; I begin to fear he has already lent them out of his hands: and, in whatever hands, while they are *Iriſh* hands, allow me, my lord, to ſay, they are in dangerous hands. Weak admirers are as bad as malicious enemies, and operate in theſe caſes alike, to an author's diſparagement or uneaſineſs. I think this I made the Dean, ſo juſt a requeſt, that I beg

your

your lordſhip to ſecond it, by ſhewing him what I wrote. I told him, as ſoon as I found myſelf obliged to publiſh an edition of letters, to my great ſorrow; that I wiſhed to make uſe of ſome of theſe: nor did I think any part of my correſpondencies would do me a greater honour, and be really a greater pleaſure to me, than what might preſerve the memory how well we loved one another. I find the Dean was not quite of the ſame opinion, or he would not, I think, have denied this. I wiſh ſome of thoſe ſort of people always about a great man in wit, as well as a great man in power, have not an eye to ſome little intereſt in getting the whole of theſe into their poſſeſſion: I will venture, however, to ſay, *they* would not add more credit to the Dean's memory, by *their* management of them, than *I* by *mine:* and if, as I have a great deal of affection for him, I have with it ſome judgment, at leaſt, I preſume, my conduct herein might be better confided in.

Indeed,

Indeed, this ſilence is ſo remarkable, it ſurpriſes me: I hope in God it is not to be attributed to what he complains of, a want of memory. I would rather ſuffer from any other cauſe, than what would be ſo unhappy to him. My ſincere love for this valuable, indeed, incomparable man, will accompany him through life, and purſue his memory, were I to live a hundred lives, as many as his works will live: which are abſolutely original, unequalled, unexampled. His humanity, his charity, his condeſcenſion, his candour, are equal to his wit; and require as good and true a taſte to be equally valued. When all this muſt die, (this laſt I mean) I would gladly have been the recorder of ſo great a part of it, as ſhines in his letters to me, and of which my own are but as ſo many acknowledgments. But, perhaps, before this reaches your hands, my cares may be over; and *Curll*, and every body elſe, may ſay and lye of me as they will: the Dean, old as he is, may have the taſk to defend me.

LETTER CCCLXIX.

Lord C—— to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Arlington-ſtreet, March 24, 1736.

I THIS day attended the cauſe you recommended to me in your letter of the 3d of *January:* the decree was affirmed moſt unanimouſly, the appeal adjudged frivolous, and 100*l.* coſts given to the reſpondent. Lord *Bathurſt* attended likewiſe. The other lords you mention, I am very little acquainted with; ſo I cannot deliver your meſſages, tho' I pity them in being out of your favour. Since you mention *Greek*, I muſt tell you, that my ſon, not ſixteen, underſtands it better than I did at twenty, and I tell him, ſtudy *Greek*, χ' ουδεν ουδεποτε ταπεινον ενθυμηθηση ουτε αγαν επιθυμησεις τινος. He knows how to conſtrue this, and I have the ſatisfaction to believe he will fall into the ſentiment; and then, if he makes no figure, he will yet be a happy man.

2

Your

Your late lord lieutenant * told me, ſome time ago, he thought he was not in your favour. I told him I was of that opinion, and ſhewed him the article of your letter, relating to himſelf: I believe I did wrong. Not that you care a farthing for princes or miniſters; but becauſe it was vanity in me, to produce your acknowledgments to me for providing for people of learning, ſome of which I had the honour to promote at your deſire, for which I ſtill think myſelf obliged to you. And I have not heard that, ſince, they have diſturbed the peace of the kingdom, or been *Jacobites*, in diſgrace to you and me.

I deſire you will make my ſincere reſpects acceptable to Dr. *Delaney*. He ſent me potted woodcocks in perfection, which lady *Granville*, my wife, and children, have eat, tho' I have not yet anſwered his letter. My lady *Granville*, reading your poſtſcript, bids me tell you, that ſhe will ſend you a preſent; and, if ſhe knew what you liked, ſhe would do

* The duke of *Dorſet*.

it forthwith. Let me know, and it ſhall be done, that the firſt of the family may no longer be poſtponed by you to the third place. My wife and lady *Worſeley* deſire their reſpects ſhould be mentioned to you rhetorically; but as I am a plain peer, I ſhall ſay nothing, but that I am, for ever, Sir, your moſt humble and obedient ſervant,

C———

When people aſk me, how I governed *Ireland*? I ſay, that I pleaſed Dr. *Swift*.

Quæſitam meritis ſume ſuperbiam.

LETTER CCCLXX.

Lord B——— to Dr. SWIFT.

Cirenceſter, October the 5th, 1737.

DEAR MR. DEAN,

THAT I often think of you is moſt certain, but if I ſhould write to you as often, you would think me extremely troubleſome. I was alarmed ſome time ago with hearing that you were much indiſpoſed; but if later accounts are to be depended upon, you are now in perfect health. I ſhould be heartily glad to have that news confirmed to me by two lines under your own hand: however, I write to you now under that ſuppoſition, for which reaſon I have cut out a little buſineſs for you.

That very pretty epiſtle which you writ many years ago to lord *Oxford*, is printed very incorrectly. I have a copy (of which I ſend you a tranſcript) which has ſome very good lines in it, that are not in the printed copy; and, beſides, if you

you will compare it with the original, you will find that you left off without going through with the epiſtle. The fable of the country and city mouſe is as prettily told as any thing of that kind ever was: poſſibly, if you look over your papers, you may find that you finiſhed the whole; if not, I enjoin you, as a taſk, to go through with it: and, I beg of you, do not ſuffer an imperfect copy to ſtand, whilſt it is in your power to rectify it. * Adieu! and do me the juſtice to believe me, moſt faithfully, and unalterably, yours.

* On the back of the original letter, Dr. *Swift* hath obſerved, that, upon receiving it, he added twenty lines to the poem. It is in imitation of the ſixth ſatire of the ſecond book of *Horace*, and is printed, with the additional lines, in *Pope*'s works, vol. vi. Dr. *Warburton*'s edition.

LETTER CCCLXXI.

The Chevalier RAMSAY to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, At Paris, Nov. 29, 1737.

I RECEIVED only ſome weeks ago the works you were pleaſed to ſend me, and have peruſed them with a new pleaſure. I ſtill find in them all the marks of that original genius and univerſal beneficence which compoſe your character. I cannot ſend you, in return, any ſuch valuable compoſitions of mine; but you will receive, by the firſt ſhips that go for *Ireland*, my hiſtory of the mareſchal *de Turenne*, the greateſt *French* hero that ever was. I ſhall be glad to know your opinion of the performance.

I am, with the greateſt reſpect, veneration, and friendſhip, your moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant,

The Chevalier RAMSAY.

If you have any commands for me in this country, or for any of your friends,

friends, pray direct for me, under a cover, *A ſon Alteſſe Monſeigneur le Compte d'Evreux, General de la Cavallerie a Paris.*

LETTER CCCLXXII.

Lord B—— to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, December 6, 1737.

I RECEIVED a letter from you at *Cirenceſter*, full of life and ſpirit, which gave me ſingular ſatisfaction; but thoſe complaints you make of the deplorable ſtate of *Ireland*, made me reflect upon the condition of *England*, and I am inclined to think it is not much better; poſſibly the only difference is, that we ſhall be the laſt devoured *. I have attended parliament many years, and never found that I could do any good; I have therefore entered upon a new ſcheme of life, and am determined to look after my own affairs a little. I am

* The promiſe of *Polypheme* to *Ulyſſes*.

now in a ſmall farm-houſe in *Derby-ſhire*, and my chief buſineſs is to take care that my agents do not impoſe upon my tenants. I am for letting them all good bargains, that my rents may be paid as long as any rents can be paid; and when the time comes that there is no money, they are honeſt fellows, and will bring me in what corn and cattle I ſhall want. I want no foreign commodities; my neighbour the duke of *King-ſton* has imported one †; but I don't think it worth the carriage.

I paſſed through *London* in my way here, and every body wondered I could leave them, they were ſo full of ſpeculations upon the great event which lately happened ‡; but I am of opinion ſome time will be neceſſary to produce any conſequences. Some conſequences will certainly follow; but time muſt ripen matters for them. I could ſend you many ſpeculations of my own and others

† 'Madame *la Touche*, a *French* lady.'

‡ 'The death of queen *Caroline*, on *Sunday* evening, 20th *Nov.* 1737.'

upon

upon this ſubject; but it is too nice a ſubject for me to handle in a poſt-letter. It is not every body who ought to have liberty to abuſe their ſuperiors: if a man has ſo much wit as to get the majority of mankind on his ſide, he is often ſafe; or if he is known to have talents that can make an abuſe ſtick cloſe, he is ſtill ſafer. You may ſay, where is the occaſion of abuſing any body? I never did in my life; but you have often told truth of perſons, who would rather you had abuſed them in the groſſeſt manner.

I may ſay in parliament, that we are impoveriſhed at home, and rendered contemptible abroad, becauſe no body will care to call upon me to prove it; but I do not know whether I may venture to put them in a letter, at leaſt in a letter to a diſaffected perſon; ſuch you will be reputed as long as you live; after your death, perhaps, you may ſtand *rectus in curia*.

I met our friend *Pope* in town; he is as ſure to be there in a buſtle, as a por-

pus in a ſtorm. He told me, that he would retire to *Twickenham* for a fortnight; but I doubt it much. Since I found, by your laſt, that your hand and your head are both in ſo good a condition, let me hear from you ſometimes. And do not be diſcouraged that I ſend you nothing worth reading now: I have talked with no body, for ſome time paſt, but farmers and plowmen; when I come into good company again, I may poſſibly be leſs inſipid; but in whatever condition I am, I ſhall always be moſt ambitious of your friendſhip, and moſt deſirous of your eſteem, being moſt faithfully and ſincerely, dear Sir, your obedient humble ſervant.

LET-

LETTER CCCLXXIII.

The Chevalier RAMSAY to Dr. SWIFT.

At Paris, Feb. 20, 1738.

I SEND you here incloſed the bill of loading for the ſmall box of books I wrote of to you ſome time ago. I ſhall be glad to hear you received them, much more to know if the peruſal pleaſed you. No man having a higher idea of your talents, genius, and capacity, than he, who is, with great reſpect, reverend Sir, your moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant,

A. RAMSAY.

LETTER CCCLXXIV.

Mr. POPE to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAREST SIR, May 17, 1739.

EVERY time I ſee your hand, it is the greateſt ſatisfaction that any writing can give me; and I am, in proportion, grieved to find, that ſeveral of my letters to teſtify it to you, miſcarry; and you aſk me the ſame queſtions again, which I prolixly have anſwered before. Your laſt, which was delivered me by Mr. *Swift*, inquires where and how is lord *Bolingbroke?* who, in a paragraph in my laſt, under his own hand, gave you an account of himſelf; and I employed almoſt a whole letter on his affairs afterwards. He has ſold *Dawley* for twenty-ſix thouſand pounds, much to his own ſatisfaction. His plan of life is now a very agreeable one, in the fineſt country of *France*, divided between ſtudy and exerciſe; for he ſtill reads or writes five or ſix hours a day, and hunts generally twice a week. He has the whole

whole foreſt of *Fontainbleau* at his command, with the king's ſtables and dogs, *&c.* his lady's ſon-in-law being governor of that place. She reſides moſt part of the year with my lord, at a large houſe they have hired; and the reſt with her daughter, who is abbeſs of a royal convent in the neighbourhood. I never ſaw him in ſtronger health, or in better humour with his friends, or more indifferent and diſpaſſionate as to his enemies. He is ſeriouſly ſet upon writing ſome parts of the hiſtory of his times, which he has begun by a noble introduction, preſenting a view of the whole ſtate of *Europe*, from the *Pyrenean* treaty. He has hence deduced a ſummary ſketch of the natural and incidental intereſts of each kingdom, and how they have varied from, or approached to, the true politics of each, in the ſeveral adminiſtrations to this time. The hiſtory itſelf will be particular only on ſuch facts and anecdotes as he perſonally knew, or produces vouchers for, both from home and abroad. This puts into my mind to tell you a fear he expreſſed lately to me,

that ſome facts in your hiſtory of the queen's laſt years (which he read here with me in 1727) are not exactly ſtated, and that he may be obliged to vary from them, in relation, I believe, to the conduct of the earl of *Oxford*, of which great care ſurely ſhould be taken. And he told me, that when he ſaw you in 1727, he made you obſerve them, and that you promiſed to take that care.

We very often commemorated you, during the five months we lived together at *Twickenham*. At which place could I ſee you again, as I may hope to ſee him, I would envy no country in the world; and think not *Dublin* only, but *France* and *Italy* not worth the viſiting once in my life.

The mention of travelling introduces your old acquaintance Mr. *Jervas*, who went to *Rome* and *Naples* purely in ſearch of health. An aſthma has reduced his body, but his ſpirit retains all its vigour; and he is returned, declaring life itſelf

itſelf not worth a day's journey, at the expence of parting from one's friends.

Mr. *Lewis* every day remembers you. I lie at his houſe in town. Dr. *Arbuthnott*'s daughter does not degenerate from the humour and goodneſs of her father. I love her much. She is like *Gay*, very idle, very ingenious, and inflexibly honeſt. Mrs. *Patty Blount* is one of the moſt conſiderate and mindful women in the world towards others, the leaſt ſo with regard to herſelf. She ſpeaks of you conſtantly. I ſcarce know two more women worth naming to you; the reſt are ladies, run after muſick, and play at cards.

I always make your compliments to lord *Oxford* and lord *Maſham*, when I ſee them. I ſee *John Barber* ſeldom; but always find him proud of ſome letter from you. I did my beſt with him in behalf of one of your friends, and ſpoke to Mr. *Lyttelton* for the other; who was more prompt to catch than I to give fire, and flew to the prince that inſtant, who was as pleaſed to pleaſe you.

You

"You aſk me how I am at court? I keep my old walk, and deviate from it to no court. The * prince ſhews me a diſtinction beyond any merit or pretence on my part; and I have received a preſent from him of ſome marble heads of poets for my library, and ſome urns for my garden. The miniſterial writers rail at me; yet I have no quarrel with their maſters, nor think it of weight enough to complain of them. I am very well with all the courtiers I ever was or would be acquainted with. At leaſt they are civil to me; which is all I aſk from courtiers, and all a wiſe man will expect from them. The ducheſs of *Marlborough* makes great court to me; but I am too old for her, mind and body; yet I cultivate ſome young people's friendſhip, becauſe they may be honeſt men; whereas the old ones experience too often proves not to be ſo. I have dropped ten where I have taken up one, and hope to play the better with fewer

* His late royal highneſs *Frederick* prince of *Wales*.

in

in my hand. There is a lord *Cornbury*, a lord *Polwarth* †, a Mr. *Murray* ‡, and one or two more, with whom I would never fear to hold out againſt all the corruption of the world.

You compliment me in vain upon retaining my poetical ſpirit; I am ſinking faſt into proſe; and if I ever write more, it ought (at theſe years, and in theſe times) to be ſomething, the matter of which will give value to the work, not merely the manner. Since my proteſt (for ſo I call the *Dialogue* of 1738) I have written but ten lines, which I will ſend you. They are an inſertion for the next new edition of the *Dunciad*, which generally is reprinted once in two years. In the ſecond Canto, among the authors who dive in *Fleet-ditch*, immediately after *Arnall*, verſe 300, add theſe:

† 'Now earl of *Marchmont*.'
‡ The preſent lord chief juſtice.

Next plung'd a feeble, but a deſp'rate pack,
With each a ſickly brother at his back *;
Sons of a day! juſt buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
Aſk ye their names? I could as ſoon diſcloſe
The names of theſe blind puppies as of thoſe.
Faſt by, like *Niobe*, her children gone,
Sits mother *Oſborne*, ſtupefied to ſtone;
And needful *Paxton* † tells the world with tears,
Theſe are, ah! no; theſe were my *Gazetteers*.

Having nothing more to tell you of my poetry, I come to what is now my

* They print one at the back of the other to ſend into the country. Mr. *Pope*'s *MS. Note*. 'Theſe were daily papers, a number of which, to leſſen the expence, were printed one on the back of another. *Dunciad*, Dr. *Warb*. edit.'

† A ſolicitor, who procured and paid theſe writers. Mr. *Pope's MS. Note*. 'The line is now changed;
And monumental braſs this record bears;
Theſe are, &c.'

chief

chief care, my health and amuſement. The firſt is better as to head-achs, worſe as to weakneſs and nerves. The changes of weather affect me much, otherwiſe I want not ſpirits, except when indigeſtions prevail. The mornings are my life; in the evenings I am not dead indeed, but ſleep, and am ſtupid enough. I love reading ſtill, better than converſation; but my eyes fail, and at the hours when moſt people indulge in company, I am tired, and find the labour of the paſt day ſufficient to weigh me down. So I hide myſelf in bed, as a bird in his neſt, much about the ſame time, and riſe and chirp the earlier the next morning. I often vary the ſcene (indeed at every friends call) from *London* to *Twickenham*; or the contrary, to receive them, or be received by them. Lord *Bathurſt* is ſtill my conſtant friend and yours; but his country ſeat is now always in *Glouceſter-ſhire*, not in this neighbourhood. Mr. *Pulteney* has no country ſeat, and in town I ſee him ſeldom, but he always aſks of you. In the ſummer I generally

ramble for a month to lord *Cobham*'s, the *Bath*, or elſewhere. In all thoſe rambles my mind is full of the mages of you and poor *Gay*, with whom I travelled ſo delightfully two ſummers. Why cannot I croſs the ſea? The unhappieſt malady I have to complain of; the unhappieſt accident of my whole life, is that weakneſs of the breaſt, which makes the phyſicians of opinion that a ſtrong vomit would kill me. I have never taken one, nor had a natural motion that way in fifteen years. I went, ſome years ago, with lord *Peterborow* about ten leagues at ſea, purely to try if I could ſail without ſea-ſickneſs, and with no other view than to make yourſelf and lord *Bolingbroke* a viſit before I died.

But the experiment, though almoſt all the way near the coaſt, had almoſt ended all my views at once. Well then, I muſt ſubmit to live at the diſtance which fortune has ſet us at; but my memory, my affection, my eſteem are inſeparable from you, and will, my dear friend, be for ever yours.

P. S.

P. S. This I end at lord *Orrery*'s, in company with Dr. *King*. Wherever I can find two or three that are yours, I adhere to them naturally, and by that title they become mine. I thank you for ſending Mr. *Swift* to me; he can tell you more of me.

London, May 19th.

(A Second Poſtſcript.)

One of my new friends, Mr. *Lyttelton*, was to the laſt degree glad to have any requeſt from you to make to his maſter. The moment I ſhewed him yours concerning Mr. *M'Aulay*, he went to him, and it was granted *. He is extremely obliged for the promotion

* Mr. *Alexander M'Aulay* was ſoliciting for a ſeat in parliament, as one of the repreſentatives of the univerſity of *Dublin*: Mr. *Lyttelton* was then principal ſecretary to his late royal highneſs *Frederick* prince of *Wales*, who, as chancellor of it, was thought by Dr. *Swift* to be the moſt proper perſon to nominate.

of

of *Lamb* †. I will make you no particular ſpeeches from him; but you and he have a mutual right to each other, *Sint tales animæ concordes*. He loves you, though he ſees you not, as all poſterity will love you, who will not ſee you, but reverence and admire you ‡.

† Dr. *Swift* had made Mr. *William Lamb* one of the vicars-choral of his cathedral upon Mr. *Lyttleton*'s recommendation.

‡ The letter to which this poſtſcript and the next letter relate, is in the volumes publiſhed by Mr. *Deane Swift*. It is dated by the editor "*May* 10, 1739, at a conjecture."

LET-

LETTER CCCLXXV.

GEORGE LYTTELTON, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Worceſterſhire, Auguſt the 4th, 1739.

I HAVE juſt heard from town, that Mr. *Faulkner*, your bookſeller at *Dublin*, has, by your order, ſent me over your works. When I deſired Mr. *Swift* to procure them for me, I did not expect the additional pleaſure of owing them to your own kindneſs in ſo obliging a way. I will place them in my ſtudy next to Mr. *Pope*'s, which he too gave me himſelf; and can truly aſſure you, that, excepting that preſent, I never received one which I value ſo much.

I am ſorry his royal highneſs's recommendation has been of ſo little uſe to your friend; and think, indeed, that the univerſity owed more reſpect to their chancellor, though he had not been prince of *Wales*, than they have thought proper to ſhew. I made his royal high-

neſs your compliments, which he accepted with much ſatisfaction. I hope and believe he will make good the expectations he has raiſed among thoſe, who are equally friends to him and their country. He is pleaſed to reckon you in that number, and deſires to preſerve and increaſe your good opinion. I thank you for the promiſe you give me, not to forget me, and beg you to remember me as one ſincerely deſirous to merit the continuance of your friendſhip by all the ſervices in the power of,

Sir, your moſt obliged,

and moſt obedient ſervant,

G. LYTTELTON.

LET-

LETTER CCCLXXVI.

Lord CASTLEDURROW to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Dublin, February the 2d, 1739.

SINCE I am forbidden your preſence, I think I ſhould be more explicit in my reaſon of thanks to you for Dr. *Delaney*'s obliging preſent, than I can be in a verbal, crude, ill-delivered meſſage by a ſervant. As I am not acquainted with the Doctor, I at firſt imagined his boundleſs generoſity diſtributed his book amongſt the lords, and that it was ſent me, as a member, though an unworthy one, of that auguſt body. I ſoon found myſelf miſtaken; and as all preſents are enhanced in value proportionable to their manner of diſtribution, I thought it incumbent on me to thank him by letter, for having ſo obligingly diſtinguiſhed me. He has honoured me with an anſwer to it, which highly elates me; for weak minds are eaſily made vain; but whoſe would not be ſo, on the compliment he makes me,

on having read ſome of my letters to you? They were wrote (as moſt of mine are) in the wantonneſs of fancy, without aiming at pomp of expreſſion, or dreſs of words, lucky methods of guilding nonſenſe; yet, that he ſhould approve, I will not wonder when I conſider the benignity of your friendſhip. Oh! is it not ſometimes too ſtrong a bias even for your judgment, that prompted you to think them worth his peruſal? What am I now to do? I ought not to be ſilent; yet muſt I riſque depreciating a favourable opinion he has conceived of me, by making myſelf farther known to him? Why, in prudence, no; in civility, yes. Under this dilemma give me your advice, as you are the origin of this favour. Or will you yield to what I ſuggeſt may not be improper? Take me under your protection (as ſoon as the weather will permit) in a warm hackney coach, which I ſhall take care to provide. Let us jumble together to his little paradiſe, which I long much to ſee, as well as to pay my debt due to his benevolence.

I am

I am already alarmed with your excuſe of deafneſs and dizzineſs. Yielding to ſuch a complaint always ſtrengthens it; exerting againſt it generally leſſens it. Do not immerge in the ſole enjoyment of yourſelf. Is not a friend the medicine of life? I am ſure it is the comfort of it. And I hope you ſtill admit ſuch companions as are capable of adminiſtering it. In that number I know I am unworthy of rank: however, my beſt wiſhes ſhall attend you.

I have incloſed ſome verſes. The *Latin* I believe will pleaſe you; one of the tranſlations may have the ſame fortune, the other cannot. The verſes written in the lady's book is, A lamentable Hymn to Death, from a lover, aſcribed to his miſtreſs. I have made the author of it vain (who I am ſure had never read *Pope*'s *Heloiſe to Abelard*) in telling him his ſix laſt lines ſeem a parody on ſix of *Pope*'s. They are on the other ſide, that you may not be at a loſs.

Then too, when fate ſhall thy fair frame
deſtroy.
That cauſe of all my guilt, and all my
joy,
In trance extatic may thy pangs be
drown'd,
Bright clouds deſcend, and angels watch
thee round;
From op'ning ſkies may ſtreaming glories
ſhine,
And ſaints embrace thee with a love like
mine.

I think the whole letter the moſt paſſionate I ever read, except *Heloiſe*'s own, on the ſubject of love. I am equally ſtruck with *Cadenus* to *Vaneſſa*. I have often ſoothed my love with both, when I have been in a fit.

I will conclude with the above wiſh, and the aſſuring you I am, with great ſincerity, as well as eſteem,

Sir, your moſt faithful,
affectionate humble ſervant,

CASTLEDURROW.

My boy ſends you his reſpects, and would fain pay them in perſon to you.

LETTER CCCLXXVII.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, London, June the 3d, 1740.

I HAD, ſome time ago, a letter from Mr. *Stopford*, who told me, that you enjoyed a better ſtate of health laſt year than you had done for ſome years paſt. No one wiſhes you more ſincerely than I do the continuance of it. And ſince the gout has been your phyſic, I heartily hope you may have one good fit regularly every year, and all the reſt of it perfect health and ſpirits.

I am perſuaded you will do me the juſtice to believe, that if I have not wrote to you for ſome time, it has proceeded from an unwillingneſs alone of engaging you in a very uſeleſs correſpondence, and not from any want of a real regard and true eſteem. Mr. *Pope* can be my witneſs how conſtantly I inquire after you, and how pleaſed and happy I am, when he tells me, that you have the good-

neſs frequently to mention me in your letter to him.

I fear you have but little deſire to come among us again. *England* has few things inviting in it at preſent. Three camps, near forty thouſand troops, and ſixteen kings *, and moſt of them ſuch as are really fit to be kings in any part of the world. Four millions of money have been raiſed on the people this year, and in all probability nothing will be done. I have not the leaſt notion, that even our expedition under lord *Cathcart* † is intended to be ſent any where; and yet every miniſter we have (except Sir *Robert*) very gravely affirms it will go; nay, I am afraid, believes it too. But our ſituation is very extraordinary; Sir *Robert* will have an army, will not have a war, and cannot have a peace; that is, the people are ſo averſe to it, that he dares not make one. But in one year more, when by the influence

* Sixteen lords of the regency, the king being abroad.

† Againſt *Carthagena*. It went, and miſcarried.

of

of this army and our money he has got a new parliament to his liking, then he will make peace, and get it approved too, be it as it will. After which I am afraid we ſhall all grow tired of ſtruggling any longer, and give up the game.

But I will trouble you with no more politics; and if I can hear from you in two lines that you are well, I promiſe you not to reply to it too ſoon. You muſt give me leave to add to my letter a copy of verſes at the end of a declamation made by a boy at *Weſtminſter*-ſchool on this theme,

Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat.

Dulce, Decane, decus, Flos optime Gentis
Hibernæ
Nomine quique audis, Ingenioque Celer;
Dum lepido indulges Riſu, et mutaris in
Horas,
Quò nova vis Animi, Materieſque rapit;
Nunc gravis Aſtrologus, Cælo dominaris &
Aſtris,
Filaque pro libitu Partrigiana ſecas.

Nunc

Nunc Populo ſpecioſa Hoſpes miracula promis,
Genteſque Æquoreas, aeriaſq; creas.
Seu plauſum captat queruli Perſona Draperi,
Seu levis a vacuo Fabula ſumpta cado.

Mores egregius mira exprimis Arte Magiſter,
Et vitam atque Homines Pagina quæque ſapit.
Socraticæ *minor eſt vis, & Sapientia Chartæ,*
Nec tantum potuit grande Platonis *Opus.*

Mrs. *Pulteney* knowing that I am writing to you, charges me to preſent her ſervices, when I aſſure you that I am moſt faithfully and ſincerely

Your obedient humble ſervant,

W. PULTENEY.

LET-

LETTER CCCLXXVIII.

The Earl of O—— to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Caledon, Dec. 17th, 1740.

GREAT men like you muſt expect numberleſs petitions, which, like *Jupiter*, you put to various uſes; but wonder not, when there is a place vacant in your family, that every body is ſtriving for the poſt. I mean your cathedral family; for we are told there is a vacancy in the chair. I am deſired to recommend to you one * *James Colgan*, aged 25. His voice excellent, his behaviour good, his perſon indifferent, his recommendation to me irreſiſtable. I beſeech you let *Faulkner* give me an anſwer; for neither he nor I, nor the choir of lords, doctors, —— commons, *&c.* are worth your while to give yourſelf one moment's uneaſineſs about, if you are not well, and I am more than afraid you are

* One of the vicars choral of *Chriſt-Church* and *St. Patrick*'s cathedrals, remarkable for his fine manner of ſinging.

not;

not; only I muſt be enabled to ſay, I have mentioned him to you. My frozen fingers will only ſerve me to preſent lady *O*——'s moſt humble ſervice to you, and the beſt wiſhes, prayers, and acknowledgments of all this family. I am, dear Sir, your ever obliged and obedient humble ſervant.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

EXTRACT from Lord BOLINGBROKE's WILL, in which his WRITINGS are bequeathed to Mr. MALLET*.

AND whereas I am the author of the ſeveral Books or Tracts following, *viz.*

Remarks on the Hiſtory of England, *from the Minutes of* Humphrey Oldcaſtle. In twenty-four letters.

A Diſſertation upon Parties. In nineteen letters to *Caleb D'Anvers*, Eſq;

* The reaſons for inſerting this extract, and the two letters that immediately follow, may be ſeen in the note annexed to lord *Bolingbroke*'s letter, dated *September* 12, 1724, in this collection.

The Occaſional Writer. Number 1, 2, and 3.

The Viſion of Camilik.

An Anſwer to the London Journal *of* December 21, 1728, *by* John Trot.

An Anſwer to the Defence of the Enquiry into the Reaſons of the Conduct of Great Britain.

A final Anſwer to the Remarks on the Craftſman's Vindication.

All which Books or Tracts have been printed and publiſhed; and I am alſo the author of

Four Letters on Hiſtory, &c.

Which have been privately printed, and not publiſhed; but I have not aſſigned to any perſon or perſons whatſoever the copy, or the liberty of printing or reprinting any of the ſaid books, or tracts, or letters. Now I do hereby, as far as by law I can, give and aſſign to *David Mallet,* of *Putney,* in the county of *Surry,* Eſquire, the copy and copies of all and each of the before-mentioned books, or tracts, or letters, and the liberty of reprinting the ſame. I alſo give to the

ſaid

ſaid *David Mallet* the copy and copies of all the manuſcript books, papers, and writings, which I have written or compoſed, or ſhall write or compoſe, and leave at the time of my deceaſe. And I further give to the ſaid *David Mallet* all my books, which, at time of my deceaſe, ſhall be in the room called my library.

LETTER CCCLXXIX.

Lord HYDE to DAVID MALLET, Eſq;

Paris, March 7, N. S. 1752.

I LEARN from *England*, Sir, that lord *Bolingbroke* has left his manuſcripts to you *. His friends muſt ſee with ſa-

* 'His lordſhip died 15 *Decemb.* 1757. Lord *Hyde* having heard at *Paris* of lord *Bolingbroke*'s legacy of all his writings, printed and manuſcript, to Mr. *Mallet*, wrote from thence the above letter, the original of which was ſent by the widow *Mallet*, with the manuſcript of lord *Bolingbroke*'s philoſophical works to the *Britiſh Muſeum*, in order to juſtify her huſband's integrity in the edition of them.'

tisfaction

tisfaction thoſe title-deeds of his reputation in the hands of the author of the life of the great lord *Bacon*; and you will have had the diſtinguiſhed honour of having been guardian to the fame of two of the greateſt geniuſes which our country, and perhaps humanity, has produced; but with greater honour to you in this laſt inſtance, becauſe you are ſuch by the deſignation and choice of the author himſelf.

What works of his you may have for the public I know not. That, for which I was ſolicitous, becauſe I believe it would be moſt inſtructive to the world, and might be moſt for his honour, he told me himſelf he had laid aſide; I mean the hiſtory of the great tranſactions of *Europe* from the time when he began to conſider and know them. There remains of that, I believe, no more than a ſummary review, which I had the good fortune ſome time ago to draw from him, upon an application which I made to him to direct me in the ſtudy of hiſtory. You will probably have ſeen that ſummary

mary review, which is in a collection of letters upon hiſtory, which he did me the honour to write me. It is but a ſketch of the work he had propoſed to himſelf; but it is the ſketch of lord *Bolingbroke*. He will probably have told you, that thoſe letters were by his direction delivered up by me to Mr. *Pope*, who burnt, as he told me, the manuſcripts, and printed off by a private preſs ſome very few copies, which were to be conſidered ſtill as manuſcripts, one of which Mr. *Pope* kept, and ſent another to lord *Bolingbroke*. Sir *William Wyndham*, lord *Bathurſt*, Lord *Marchmont*, Mr. *Murray*, and Mr. *Lyttleton*, I think, had each one. I do not remember to have been told of any copies given, except to myſelf, who have always preſerved mine, as I would a MS. which was not my own, obſerving not only the reſtrictions which lord *Bolingbroke* himſelf had recommended to me, but ſecuring likewiſe, as far as I could, even in caſe of my death, that this work ſhould never become pub-

lic from that copy, which is in my poſſeſſion. I inlarge upon this, becauſe I think myſelf particularly obliged, out of regard to lord *Bolingbroke*, to give this account of that work to the perſon whom he has intruſted with all his writings, in caſe you might not have known this particularity. And at the ſame time I think it my duty, to the memory of lord *Bolingbroke*, to myſelf, and to the world too, to ſay ſomething more to you in relation to this work.

It is a work, Sir, which will inſtruct mankind, and do honour to its author; and yet I will take upon me to ſay, that for the ſake of both, you muſt publiſh it with caution.

The greateſt men have their faults, and ſometimes the greateſt faults; but the faults of ſuperior minds are the leaſt indifferent, both to themſelves and to ſociety. Humanity is intereſted in the fame of thoſe who excelled in it; but it is intereſted before all in the good of ſociety, and in the peace of the minds of the

the individuals that compoſe it. Lord *Bolingbroke*'s mind embraced all objects, and looked far into all; but not without a ſtrong mixture of paſſions, which will always neceſſarily beget ſome prejudices, and follow more. And on the ſubject of *Religion* particularly (whatever was the motive that inflamed his paſſions upon that ſubject chiefly) his paſſions were the moſt ſtrong; and I will venture to ſay (when called upon, as I think, to ſay what I have ſaid more than once to himſelf, with the deference due to his age and extraordinary talents), his paſſions upon that ſubject did prevent his otherwiſe ſuperior reaſon from ſeeing, that, even in a political light only, he hurt himſelf, and wounded ſociety, by ſtriking at eſtabliſhments, upon which the conduct at leaſt of ſociety depends, and by ſtriving to overturn in men's minds the ſyſtems which experience at leaſt has juſtified, and which authority at leaſt has rendered reſpectable, as neceſſary to public order and to private

peace, without ſuggeſting to their minds a better, or indeed any ſyſtem.

You will find, Sir, what I ſay to be true in a part of the work I mentioned, where he digreſſes upon the criticiſm of church hiſtory.

While this work remained in the hands only of thoſe I have mentioned (except, as I have been telling you, to himſelf and to them in private converſation) I have otherwiſe been ſilent upon that ſubject; but I muſt now ſay to you, Sir, that for the world's ſake and for his, that part of the work ought by no means to be communicated further. And you ſee, that it is a digreſſion not neceſſary to that work. If this digreſſion ſhould be made public, it will be cenſured, it muſt be cenſured, it ought to be cenſured. It will be criticiſed too by able pens, whoſe erudition, as well as their reaſonings, will not be eaſily anſwered. In ſuch a caſe, I ſhall owe to myſelf and to the world to diſclaim publicly that part of a work, which he did me the honour

to

to addreſs to me; but I owe to the regard which he has ſometimes expreſſed for me, to diſclaim it rather privately to you, Sir, who are intruſted with his writings, and to recommend to you to ſuppreſs that part of the work, as a good citizen of the world, for the world's peace, as one intruſted and obliged by lord *Bolingbroke*, not to raiſe new ſtorms to his memory.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble ſervant,

H Y D E.

LETTER CCCLXXX.

DAVID MALLET, Eſq; to Lord HYDE.

MY LORD,

I RECEIVED a very real pleaſure, and at the ſame time a ſenſible concern, from the letter your lordſhip has honoured me with. Nothing could be more agreeable to me than the favourable opinion of one, whom I have long admired for every quality that enters into an eſtimable and an amiable character; but then nothing can occaſion me more uneaſineſs than not to be able to ſuppreſs that part of a work which you would have kept from public view.

The book was printed off before your lordſhip's letter reached my hands; but this conſideration alone would have appeared trifling to me. I apprehend, that I cannot, without being unfaithful to the truſt repoſed in me, omit or alter any thing in thoſe works, which my lord *Bolingbroke*

lingbroke had deliberately prepared for the preſs, and I will publiſh no other. As to this in particular, his repeated commands to me were, that it ſhould be printed exactly according to the copy he himſelf, in all the leiſure of retirement, had corrected with that view.

Upon the whole, if your lordſhip ſhould think it neceſſary to diſclaim the reflections on Sacred Hiſtory, by which I preſume is meant ſome public and authentic declaration, that your notions on this head differ intirely from thoſe of your noble friend; even in this caſe I am ſure you will do it with all the delicacy natural to your own diſpoſition, and with all the tenderneſs to his memory, that the particular regard he always bore you can deſerve. I am, with the greateſt reſpect,

My Lord, *&c.*

LETTER CCCLXXXI.*

Dr. SWIFT to WILLIAM PULTENEY, Eſq;

SIR, Dublin, March 8, 1734.

MR. *Stopford*, going to *England* upon ſome particular affair, I gladly complied with his deſire, that I ſhould do myſelf the honour of writing to you, becauſe, as uſeleſs as I am, and although I ſhall never have the happineſs to ſee you, yet my ambition to have ſome ſmall place in your memory, will live as long as myſelf.

I will do an unmannerly thing, which is, to bequeath you an epitaph for forty years hence in two words, *Ultimus Britannorum*. You never forſook your party. You might often have been as great as the court can make any man ſo; but you preſerved your ſpirit of liberty, when

* This letter, and the next, were communicated to the editor by general *Pulteney*.

your

your former collegues had utterly ſacrificed theirs; and, if it ſhall ever begin to breathe in theſe days, it muſt intirely be owing to yourſelf and one or two friends. But it is altogether impoſſible for any nation to preſerve its liberty long under a tenth part of the preſent luxury, infidelity, and a million of corruptions. We ſee the *Gothic* ſyſtem of limited monarchy is extinguiſhed in all the nations of *Europe*. It is utterly extirpated in this wretched kingdom, and yours muſt be the next. Such hath ever been human nature, that a ſingle man, without any ſuperior advantages either of body or mind, but uſually the direct contrary, is able to attack twenty millions, and drag them voluntary at his chariot wheels. But no more of this. I am as ſick of the world as I am of age and diſeaſe, the laſt of which I am never wholly without. I live in a nation of ſlaves, who ſell themſelves for nothing. My revenues, though half ſunk, are ſufficient to ſupport me in ſome decency.

And

And I have a few friends of great worth, who, when I viſit them, or they me, agree together in *diſcover* [*diſcovering*] our utter deteſtation of all proceeding both here and there. *Hæc eſt vita ſolutorum miſera ambitione gravique.* I am under the diſpleaſure of the court for fixing up a true whig epitaph in my cathedral over the burying-place of old *Schomberg*, and for ſome other things of equal demerit or diſaffection, wherewith I am charged; perhaps alſo for ſome verſes laid to my charge, and publiſhed without my knowledge or conſent, wherein you and another perſon are underſtood to be meant by initial letters.

I deſire your pardon for the trouble I gave in recommending a gentleman to your protection, who hath an appeal before the houſe of lords, wherein I was prevailed on by an eminent perſon in the law, who by a miracle was raiſed to the bench in theſe very times, although he be a man of virtue and learning in a great degree. Dear Sir, you have nothing

thing to desire in this world but good health, good times, the prosperity of your family (wherein you have my constant prayers) and deserving friends. I have often said, that I never knew a more easy man to live with than yourself; and if you had only a poor forty thousand pounds a year, I would command you to settle one thousand of it on me to live in your next neighbourhood; but as for our friends at *Twickenham* and *Dawly*, I have told them plainly that they are both too speculative and temperate for me to accept their invitation, and infinitely too philosophical. The bearer Mr. *Stopford* hath such infinite obligations to you for your favours to him, and is in all respects so very deserving a gentleman, that I am sure you never repented the good office you have done him *it* [*at*] my recommendation. But he only attends you on perfect gratitude; for he knows very well you are what is now called a disaffected person. You are in the modern sense a friend

to

to popery, arbitrary power, and the pretender; and therefore he has juſt politics enough not to trouble you with helping him by the hand to better preferment; and I pray God, while things continue as they are, that it may be never in your power to make a curate or an exciſeman.

You will hear, perhaps, that one *Faulkener* hath printed four volumes, which are called my works; he hath only prefixed the firſt letters of my name; it was done utterly againſt my will; for there is no property in printers or bookſellers here, and I was not able to hinder it. I did imagine, that, after my death, the ſeveral *London* bookſellers would agree among themſelves to print what each of them had by common conſent; but the man here hath prevented it, much to my vexation, for I would as willingly have it done even in *Scotland*. All this has vexed me not a little, as done in ſo obſcure a place. I have never yet looked into them, nor I believe ever ſhall. You will find Mr. *Stopford* the ſame modeſt,

modeſt, virtuous, learned man that you laſt ſaw him; but with a few more years, and a great deal more fleſh, beſide the bleſſing of a wife and children. I deſire to preſent my humble ſervice to *your*. I pray God bleſs and aſſiſt you in your glorious endeavours for the preſervation of your country, and remain with the trueſt reſpect,

Sir, your moſt obedient

and obliged humble ſervant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

You will ſee, by the many blunders in words, ſyllables, and letters, what a condition my giddy head is in.

LET-

LETTER CCCLXXXII.

Dr. SWIFT to WILLIAM PULTENEY, Eſq;

SIR, Dublin, May 12th, 1735.

MR. *Stopford* landed yeſterday, and ſent me the letter which you were pleaſed to honour me with. I have not yet ſeen him; for he called when I was not at home. The reaſon why I ventured to recommend him to your protection, was your being his old patron, to whom he is obliged for all the preferment he got in the church. He is one of the moſt deſerving gentlemen in the country, and hath a tolerable proviſion, much more than perſons of ſo much merit can in theſe times pretend to, in either kingdom. I love the duke of *Dorſet* very well, having known him from his youth, and he hath treated me with great civility ſince he came into this government. It is true, his original principles, as well as his inſtructions from

from your ſide the water, make him act the uſual part in managing this nation, for which he muſt be excuſed: yet I wiſh he would a little more conſider, that people here might have ſome ſmall ſhare in employments civil and eccleſiaſtic, wherein my lord *Carteret* acted a more popular part. The folks here, whom they call a parliament, will imitate yours in every thing, after the ſame manner as a monkey doth a human creature. If my health were not ſo bad, although my years be many, I fear I might outlive liberty in *England*. It hath continued longer than in any other monarchy, and muſt end as all others have done which were eſtabliſhed by the *Goths*, and is now falling in the ſame manner that the reſt have done. It is very natural for every king to deſire unlimited power; it is as proper an object to their appetites as a wench to an abandoned young fellow, or wine to a drunkard. But what puzzles me is, to know how a man of birth, title, and fortune can find his account in making himſelf

himſelf and his poſterity ſlaves. They are paid for it; the court will reſtore what their luxury hath deſtroyed; I have nothing to object. But let me ſuppoſe a chief miniſter from a ſcanty fortune, almoſt eaten up with debts, acquiring by all methods a monſtrous overgrown eſtate, why he will ſtill go on to endeavour making his maſter abſolute, and thereby in the power of ſeizing all his poſſeſſions at his pleaſure, and hanging or baniſhing him into the bargain. Therefore, if I were ſuch a miniſter, I would act like a prudent gameſter, and cut, as the ſharpers call it, before luck began to change. What if ſuch a miniſter, when he had got two or three millions, would pretend conviction, ſeem to dread attempts upon liberty, and bring over all his forces to the country ſide? As to the luſt of abſolute power, I deſpair it can ever be cooled, unleſs princes had capacity to read the hiſtory of the *Roman* emperors, how many of them were murdered by their own army; and the ſame may be ſaid

ſaid of the *Ottomans* by their janiſſaries; and many other examples are eaſy to be found. If I were ſuch a miniſter, I would go farther, and endeavour to be king myſelf. Such feats have happened among the petty tyrants of old *Greece*, and the worſt that happened was only their being murdered for their pains.

I believe in my conſcience that you have ſome mercenary end in all your endeavours to preſerve the liberty of your country at the expence of your quiet, and of making all the villains in *England* your enemies. For you almoſt ſtand alone, and therefore are ſure, if you ſucceed, to engroſs the whole glory of recovering a deſperate conſtitution, given over by all its other phyſicians. May God work a miracle, by changing the hearts of an abandoned people, whoſe hearts are waxen groſs, whoſe ears are dull of hearing, and whoſe eyes have been cloſed; and may he continue you as his chief inſtrument, by whom this miracle is to be wrought.

I ſend this letter in a packet to Mr. *Pope*, and by a private hand. I pray God protect you againſt all your enemies; I mean thoſe of your country; for you can have no other; and as you will never be weary of well doing, ſo may God give you long life and health the better to ſupport you.

You are pleaſed to mention ſome volumes of what are called my works. I have looked on them very little. It is a great mortification to me, although I ſhould not have been diſſatisfied if ſuch a thing had been done in *England* by bookſellers agreeing among themſelves. I never got a farthing by any thing I writ, except one about eight years ago, and that was by Mr. *Pope*'s prudent management *from* [*for*] me. Here the printers and bookſellers have no property in their copies. The printer applied to my friends, and got many things from *England*. The man was civil and humble, but I had no dealings with him, and therefore he conſulted ſome friends, who were readier to direct him than I deſired

they ſhould. I ſaw one poem on you and a great miniſter, and was not ſorry to find it there.

I fear you are tired; I cannot help it; nor could avoid the convenience of writing, when I might be in no danger of poſt-officers. I am, Sir, with the trueſt reſpect and eſteem,

Your moſt obedient

and obliged humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

I deſire to preſent my moſt humble reſpects to Mrs. *Pulteney*.

LETTERS

OF

UNCERTAIN DATE.

LETTER CCCLXXXIII.

Counteſs of ORKNEY to Dr. SWIFT.

Indorſed 'I712, I ſuppoſe.' Clufden, Monday.

I HAVE had great ſatisfaction in the favour of your letter, though diſappointed, ſince not occaſioned by yourſelf. When one is too quick, misjudging commonly follows. At firſt I fear'd Mr. *Collier* was taken with a fit of an apoplexy; the next line I read, I wiſhed he had one. If I did not apprehend, by your knowing me but a little, that I might grow troubleſome

ſome where I diſtinguiſhed, you ſhould not want any conveniency to bring you hither to Mrs. *Ramſay* and I, who are both, without compliment, truly mortified, intending ever to be,

Sir, your ſincere humble ſervants,

E. ORKNEY,
ELIZ. RAMSAY.

We deſign to be at *Windſor* on *Wedneſday*, where I hope you will meet me in the drawing-room, to tell me when you can dine with us.

LETTER CCCLXXXIV.

Counteſs of ORKNEY to Dr. SWIFT.

Monday morning. Indorſed '1712, I believe.'

I AM ſure you are very ill-natured (I would not have been ſo croſs to you) to have known Mr. *Lewis* and me ſo long, and not have made us acquainted ſooner, when you know too that I have been in ſearch of a reaſonable converſation. I have no way to excuſe you but doubting his to be ſo agreeable at a ſecond meeting, which I deſire you will make when 'tis moſt convenient to both. It is not from cuſtom I ſay I am extremely,

Sir, your humble ſervant,

E. ORKNEY.

When you read this, I fanſy you will think, what does ſhe write to me? I hate a letter as much as my lord treaſurer does a petition.

LET-

LETTER CCCLXXXV.

Lord POULETT to Dr. SWIFT.

Sunday afternoon. Indorſed 'lord ſteward, 1713.'

I WAS called away preſently after chapel, upon ſome buſineſs which hindered my going up ſtairs at *St. James*'s, and occaſions Dr. *Swift* the trouble of this, to make my excuſe for not returning the paper, which I here ſend you; and though it is not in my power to ſerve you in any proportion to my unfeigned reſpects for you, yet I would not be wanting, on my part, in any opportunity where I can, to expreſs myſelf,

Sir, your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

POULETT.

LETTER CCCLXXXVI.

Mr. LEWIS to Dr. SWIFT.

Indorſed ‘1714, Mr. Lewis.’

I HAVE one letter from you to acknowledge, which I will do very ſoon; in the mean time I ſend this to acquaint you, that if you have not already hid your papers in ſome private place in the hands of a truſty friend, I fear they will fall into the hands of your enemies. Sure you have already taken care in this matter, by which the public prints told you of the proceedings of the great men towards the earl of *Strafford* and Mr. *Prior*: however, for greater caution, this is ſent you by ——

LETTER CCCLXXXVII.

Lady M—— to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Indorſed 'February, 1723-4.'

'TIS impoſſible for you to imagine with what ſatisfaction I received your kind letter; and though I had been ſo long with out hearing from you, I could never impute it to want of friendſhip in one, whoſe goodneſs to me has always been abundantly more than I could deſerve. I had writ often to you; but having no ſafe conveyance, choſe rather to inquire after your health and welfare of ſome people that could give me an account of it. And I do aſſure you from the bottom of my heart there is not a perſon living I have a greater friendſhip for than yourſelf, and ſhall have to the end of my life. Indeed now I can ſhew it only in expreſſions; but I flatter myſelf you believe them ſincere. I long to ſee you at my retired habitation, where you will meet with a moſt hearty wel-

welcome and faithful friends, and none more ſo than her who is

Your moſt affectionate humble ſervant,

H. M——.

My lord, children, brother, and ſiſter are your humble ſervants.

LETTER CCCLXXXVIII.

Lord PETERBOROW to Dr. SWIFT.

Saturday evening. Indorſed '1726. in ſummer.'

ONE of your *Iriſh* heroes, that, from the extremity of our *Engliſh* land, came to deſtroy the wicked brazen project, deſires to meet you on *Monday* next at *Parſons-green*. If you are not engaged, I will ſend my coach for you.

Sir *Robert Walpole*, any morning, except *Tueſday* and *Thurſday*, which are his public days, about nine in the morning will be glad to ſee you at his *London* houſe.

On

On *Monday*, if I ſee you, I will give you a further account.

Your affectionate ſervant,

PETERBOROW.

LETTER CCCLXXXIX.

Dr. SWIFT to Lord ARRAN.

MY LORD, 1729.

I AM earneſtly deſired, by ſome worthy friends of mine, to write to your lordſhip in favour of the bearer Mr. *Moore*, miniſter of *Clonmel*, who will have the honour to preſent this letter to your lordſhip. Thoſe rectorial tythes of *Clonmel* were granted to the church by letters patents from king *Charles* the ſecond, with the perfect knowledge and full approbation of your great anceſtor, the firſt duke of *Ormond*, then lord lieutenant of *Ireland*. Notwithſtanding which, ſome of the former agents to your lordſhip's family have greatly diſtreſſed the incumbent miniſters

niſters of *Clonmel*, which is generally believed to be without the knowledge of his preſent grace the duke your brother (whom God long preſerve). But your lordſhip's preſent agent being extremely vigilant of all your lordſhip's intereſts, hath lately renewed the claim of the *Ormond* family to thoſe tythes, and was at the laſt aſſizes, after a long hearing of ſix hours, nonſuited. The living of *Clonmel* is one of the largeſt and yet pooreſt pariſhes in this kingdom, being upon the whole (including the valuation of the houſes) ſcarce worth one hundred pounds a year, out of which, a curate aſſiſtant being abſolutely neceſſary on account of its extent, a ſalary of forty pounds muſt be paid.

My lord, your lordſhip's family hath been always diſtinguiſhed, for their favour and protection to the eſtabliſhed church, under her greateſt perſecutions, nor have you in the univerſal opinion ever degenerated from them. Thoſe tythes in and about *Clonmel* are very inconſiderable, having never been let for above twenty-four pounds a year, made up of very ſmall

pittances

pittances collected from a great number of the pooreſt people; ſo that the recovery of them by an expenſive law-ſuit, if it could be effected, would not be worth attempting.

Mr. *Moore* is recommended to me by ſeveral perſons of great worth (as I have already obſerved) and I hope I have not hitherto forfeited the credit I had with you.

My humble requeſt therefore to your lordſhip is, that the miniſter of *Clonmel* may, without diſturbance, enjoy that ſmall addition to his ſupport, which the king and your grandfather intended for him.

I have always underſtood and believed that the duke your brother's retiring hath not leſſened your fortune, but increaſed it; and as to his grace, unleſs all our intelligence be falſe, he is as eaſy as he deſires to be. I heard of ſeveral perſons who have ventured to wait on him abroad, and it is agreed that his grace is perfectly eaſy in his mind and fortune.

Upon the whole, I do earneſtly deſire your lordſhip to reſign thoſe poor ſcraps of tythes in and about *Clonmel* to Mr. *Moore* and

and his ſucceſſors in a legal form for evêr. Your loſs will be at moſt but twenty-four pounds a year, and that, with a thouſand difficulties, infinitely below your generoſity and quality.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER CCCXC.

To Dr. SWIFT.

Indorſed 'Lady Bolingbroke.'

MR. *Pope* m'a fait grand plaiſir, monſieur, de m'aſſurer que votre ſanté eſt bonne; et de me montrer dans une de vos lettres des marques de l'hon neur de votre ſouvenir. Je trouve que vous prenez fort mal votre tems d'habiter votre *Dublin* pendant que nous habitons notre *Dawley*. Nous aurions eu grand ſoin de vous cet hiver, et nous aurions haï enſemble le genre humain, autant qu'il vous auroit plû, car Je trouve qu'il n'embellit point au croître. On a fait deux pieces de theatre en *France*, tirée ſoit diſant des idées de *Gulliver*. Je ne vous les envoye point, car elles

elles ſont deteſtables : Mais cela prouve au moins, que ce bon voyageur a ſi bien reuſſi chez nous, qu'on a crû, qu'en met tant ſeulement ſon nom aux plus mauvaiſes pieces, on les rendroit recommendables au publique. Notre fermier vous embraſſe : il a plaint et boude de ce que vous etez parti ſans qu'il ait pu vous dire adieu ; et de ce qu'il a vu une de vos lettres, ou vous ne dites pas un mot pour luy : mais je vous croye comme les coquettes, qui ſe fiant a leurs charmes ne s'embaraſſent pas de leurs torts. En effet ils vous ſeront pardonnés a la premiere lettre et encore plus aiſement a la premiere eſperance de vous revoir. Adieu, monſieur, portez vous bien et nous ſerons content. Je ne m'aviſeray pas de vous mander des nouvelles de ce pays ci : Je ſuis êtrangere de plus en plus, et Je ne ſerois tentée de me faire naturaliſer, que dans ceux où Je pourrois vivre avec vous.

LETTER CCCXCI.

Ducheſs of HAMILTON to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR DEAN, Wedneſday.

WHEN we were together laſt, I remember we ſpoke of a certain ſtanza, which you ſuſpected me parent of, by reaſon there were ſome things in it, you were ſure I would have ſaid twelve years ago. If this be a rule, I am certain you are not dean *Swift*; for twelve years ago your promiſed letter had not been ſo long in coming to me. All I can ſay is, I wiſh you had been twelve years ago what I wiſh you now, and that you were now what you was twelve years ago to

Your real friend and humble ſervant,

E. HAMILTON.

LETTER CCCXCII.

Duke of WHARTON to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR DEAN, Monday Morning.

I SHALL embark for *England* to-morrow. It would be neceſſary for me to take leave of lord *Moleſworth* on many accounts; and as *Young* is engaged in town, I muſt infallibly go alone, unleſs your charity extends itſelf to favour me with your company there this morning.

I beg you would ſend me your anſwer, and believe me ſincerely

Your faithful friend and ſervant,

WHARTON.

P. S. If you condeſcend ſo far, come to me about eleven of the clock.

LETTER CCCXCIII.

Monſieur VOLTAIRE to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Friday 16.

I SEND you here incloſed two letters, one for Mr. *de Morville*, our ſecretary of ſtate, and the other for Mr. *de Maiſons*, both deſirous and worthy of your acquaintance. Be ſo kind as to let me know if you intend to go by *Calais*, or by the way of *Rouen*. In caſe you reſolve to go by *Rouen*, I will give you ſome letters for a good lady, who lives in her country caſtle juſt by *Rouen*. She will receive you as well as you deſerve. There you will find two or three of my intimate friends, who are your admirers, and who have learn'd *Engliſh* ſince I am in *England*. All will pay you all the reſpects, and procure all the pleaſures thei are capable off. Thei will give you hundred directions for *Paris*, and provide you with all the requiſite conveniencies. Vouch-

ſafe to acquaint me with your reſolution, I ſhall certainly do my beſt endeavours to ſerve you, and to let my country know, that I have the ineſtimable honour to be one of your friends. I am, with the higheſt reſpect and eſteem,

Your moſt humble

obedient faithful ſervant,

VOLTAIRE.

LETTER CCCXCIV.

Monſieur VOLTAIRE au Comte de MORVILLE, Miniſtre et Secretaire d'Etat a Verſailles.

MONSEIGNEUR,

JE me ſuis contenté juſqu'icy d'admirer en ſilence votre conduite dans les affaires de l'Europe; mais il n'eſt pas permis à un homme qui aime votre gloire, et qui vous eſt auſſi tendrement attaché que je le ſuis, de demeurer plus long

temps ſans vous faire ſes ſinceres compliments.

Je ne puis d'ailleurs me refuſer l'honeur que me fait le celebre monſieur *Swift*, de vouloir bien vous preſenter une de mes lettres. Je ſai que ſa reputation eſt parvenue juſqu'a vous, et que vous avez envie de le connoitre. Il fait l'honneur d'une nation que vous eſtimez. Vous avez lu les traductions de pluſieurs ouvrages qui luy ſont attribuez. Eh qui eſt plus capable que vous, monſeigneur, de diſcerner les beautez d'un original à travers la foibleſſe des plus mauvaiſes copies. Je croi que vous ne ſerez pas faché de diner avec monſieur *Swift*, et monſieur le preſident Henaut. Et je me flatte que vous regarderez comme une preuve de mon ſincere attachement a votre perſonne, la liberté que Je prens de vous preſenter un des hommes des plus extraordinaires que l'Angleterre ait produit, et le plus capable de ſentir toutte l'étendüe de vos grandes qualitez.

Je ſuis pour toutte ma vie avec un profond

fond reſpect et un attachement remply de la plus haute eſtime,

Monſeigneur, votre tres humble

et tres obeiſſant ſerviteur,

VOLTAIRE.

Letters communicated after the former Part of this Work was printed.

LETTER CCCXCV.

Dr. SWIFT to Miſs VANHOMRIGH*.

Auguſt 1, 1714.

WHO told you, I was going to *Bath?* no ſuch thing. I had fixed to ſet out to-morrow for *Ireland*, but poor Lord *Oxford* deſires I will go with him to *Herefordſhire*, and only expect his anſwer whether I ſhall go there before, or meet him hereabouts; or to *Wimple* (his ſon's houſe) and ſo go with him down; and I expect to leave this in two or three days one way or other. I will ſtay with him

* Miſs *Eſther Vanhomrigh*, whom the Dean celebrated by the name of *Vaneſſa*. For an account of this lady, and her epiſtolary correſpondence with the Dean, ſee his life prefixed to *Bathurſt*'s edition of his works.

'till

'till the parliament meets again, if he deſires it. I am not of your opinion about Lord *Bolingbroke*; perhaps he may get the *ſtaff*, but I cannot rely on his love to me: he knew I had a mind to be his hiſtoriographer, though I valued it not, but for the public ſervice, yet it is gone to a worthleſs rogue that no body knows. I am writ to earneſtly by *ſome body* to come to town, and join with thoſe *people now in power*, but I will not do it. Say nothing of this, but gueſs *the perſon*. I told lord *Oxford* I would go with him, when *he was out*; and now he begs it of me, and I cannot refuſe him. I meddle not with his faults, as he was a miniſter of ſtate; but you know his perſonal kindneſs to me was exceſſive: he diſtinguiſhed and choſe me above all other men, while he was great; and his letter to me the other day was the moſt moving imaginable. When I am fixed any where, perhaps, I may be ſo gracious to let you know, but I will not promiſe. Adieu.

LETTER CCCXCVI.

Dr. SWIFT to Miſs VANHOMRIGH*.

Aug. 12, 1714.

I HAD your letter laſt poſt, and before you can ſend me another, I ſhall ſet out for *Ireland*. I muſt go and take the oaths; and the ſooner the better. If you are in *Ireland* when I am there, I ſhall ſee you very ſeldom. It is not a place for any freedom; but it is where every thing is known in a week, and magnified an hundred degrees. Theſe are rigorous laws that muſt be paſſed through: but it is probable we may meet in *London* in Winter; or if not, leave all to fate,

* It appears by a letter of the Dean's to Miſs *Eſther Vanhomrigh*, that ſhe was very uneaſy on account of her mother's debts, who died in 1714; fearing that when the year was out, ſhe would be obliged to ſatisfy the creditors. But the Dean tells her, "you can "pay only what you receive, you are anſwerable for "no more." He tells her, that if ſhe wants to borrow money, ſhe may ſend to Mr. *Barber* or *Ben. Tooke*, which ſhe pleaſes, and let them know, that whatever ſum ſhe wants he will ſtand bound for.

that ſeldom comes to humour our inclinations. I ſay all this out of the perfect eſteem and friendſhip I have for you. Theſe public misfortunes have altered all my meaſures, and broke my ſpirits. God Almighty bleſs you. I ſhall, I hope, be on horſeback in a day after this comes to your hand. I would not anſwer your queſtions for a million: nor can I think of them with any eaſe of mind. Adieu.

LETTER CCCXCVII.

Part of a Letter of VANESSA's, from Dublin, in 1714.

YOU once had a maxim, which was, to act what was right, and not mind what the world would ſay. I wiſh you would keep to it now. Pray what can be wrong in ſeeing and adviſing an unhappy young woman? I cannot imagine. You cannot but know, that your frowns make my life unſupportable. You have taught me to diſtinguiſh, and then you leave me miſer-

miſerable. Now, all I beg is, that you will for once counterfeit (ſince you cannot otherwiſe) that indulgent friend you once were, till I get the better of theſe difficulties.

LETTER CCCXCVIII.

Miſs VANHOMRIGH to Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, 1714.

YOU bid me be eaſy and you would ſee me as often as you could. You had better have ſaid, as often as you could get the better of your inclinations ſo much; or as often as you remembered there was ſuch a one in the world. If you continue to treat me as you do, you will not be made uneaſy by me long. It is impoſſible to deſcribe what I have ſuffered ſince I ſaw you laſt. I am ſure I could have bore the rack much better, than thoſe killing killing words of yours. Sometimes I have reſolved to die without

ſeeing

ſeeing you more; but thoſe reſolves, to your misfortune, did not laſt long. For there is ſomething in human nature, that prompts one ſo to find relief in this world. I muſt give way to it: and beg you'd ſee me and ſpeak kindly to me, for I am ſure, you'd not condemn any one to ſuffer what I have done, could you but know it. The reaſon I write to you is, becauſe I cannot tell it to you ſhould I ſee you. For when I begin to complain, then you are angry; and there is ſomething in your looks ſo awful, that it ſtrikes me dumb. Oh! that you may have but ſo much regard for me left, that this complaint may touch your ſoul with pity. I ſay as little as ever I can; did you but know what I thought, I am ſure it would move you to forgive me, and believe, I cannot help telling you this and live *.

* A letter from Dr. *Swift*, dated *Philipſtown*, *Nov.* 5, 1714, ſays, that he was going to a friend upon a promiſe, being then a mile from *Trim*, when Miſs *Vanhomrigh*'s ſervant overtook him with a letter. She was then at *Kildrohid*, and would go to town on the *Monday* following, to her lodging in *Turnſtill-Alley*. He concludes thus; "I have rode a tedious journey "to-day,

LETTER CCCXCIX.

Dr. SWIFT to VANESSA.

May 12, 1719.

JE vous fais des complimens ſur votre perfection dans la langue Françoiſe. Il faut vous connoitre long temps avant de connoitre toutes vos perfections; toujours en vous voyant et entendant, il en paroit des nouvelles, qui eſtoient auparavant cachées; il eſt honteux pour moy de ne ſcavoir que le gaſcon et le patois, au prix de vous. Il n'y a rien à redire dans l'ortographie, la proprieté, l'élegance, le douceur et l'eſprit. Et que je ſuis ſot moy de vous repondre en meſme langage, vous qui eſtes incapable d'aucune ſottiſe, ſi ce n'eſt l'eſtime qu'il vous plaiſt d'avoir pour moy; car il n'y a point de merite, ni aucun preuve de mon bon gout de trouver en vous tout ce que la nature a

" to-day, and can ſay no more. Nor ſhall you know " where I am till I come, and then I will ſee you. " A fig for your letters and meſſages. Adieu."

donnée

donnée a un mortel, je veux dire l'honneur, la vertue, le bon ſens, l'eſprit, le douceur, l'agrement et la fermeté d'ame ; mais en vous cachant, commes vous faites, le monde ne vous connoit pas, et vous perdez l'eloge des millions de gens. Depuis que j'ay l'honneur de vous connoitre, j'ay toujours remarqué que ni en converſation particuliere, ni generale, aucun mot a echappé de votre bouche, qui pouvoit etre mieux exprimé. Et je vous jure, qu'en faiſant ſouvent la plus ſevere critique, je ne pouvois jamais trouver aucun defaut en vos actions, ni en vos parroles : la coquetrie, l'affectation, la pruderie ſont des imperfections que vous n'avez jamais connues. Et avec tout cela, croyez vous, qu'il eſt poſſible de ne vous eſtimer au deſſus du reſte du genre humain. Quelles beſtes en jupes ſont les plus excellentes de celles, que je vois ſemées dans le monde, au prix de vous : en les voyant, en les entendant, je dis cent fois le jour ; ne parlez, ne regardez, ne penſez, ne faites rien comme ces miſerables. Quelle calamitè de

faire

faire mepriſer autans de gens, qui ſans ſonger de vous, ſeroient aſſez ſupportables: mais il eſt temps de vous delaſſer, et de vous dire Adieu: avec tout le reſpect, la ſincerité, et l'eſtime du monde je ſuis et ſeray toujours.

LETTER CCCC.

Miſs VANHOMRIGH to Dr. SWIFT.

Sellbridge, 1720.

BELIEVE me, it is with the utmoſt regret that I now complain to you, becauſe I know your good nature ſuch, that you cannot ſee any human creature miſerable without being ſenſibly touched. Yet what can I do? I muſt either unload my heart, and tell you all its griefs, or ſink under the inexpreſſible diſtreſs I now ſuffer by your prodigious neglect of me. It is now ten long weeks ſince I ſaw you; and in all that time, I have never received but one letter from you, and

and a little note with an excuſe. Oh! have you forgot me? You endeavour by ſeverities to force me from you. Nor can I blame you; for with the utmoſt diſtreſs and confuſion, I beheld myſelf the cauſe of uneaſy reflections to you: yet I cannot comfort you, but here declare, that it is not in the power of art, time or accident to leſſen the inexpreſſible paſſion which I have for ——. Put my paſſion under the utmoſt reſtraint; ſend me as diſtant from you as the earth will allow, yet you cannot baniſh thoſe charming ideas which will ever ſtick by me, whilſt I have the uſe of memory: nor is the love I bear you only ſeated in my ſoul; for there is not a ſingle atom of my frame, that is not blended with it. Therefore, do not flatter yourſelf that ſeparation will ever change my ſentiments: for I find myſelf unquiet in the midſt of ſilence, and my heart is at once pierced with ſorrow and love. For heaven's ſake, tell me, what has cauſed this prodigious change in you, which I have found of late. If you have the leaſt remains

mains of pity for me left, tell it me tenderly. No—do not tell it ſo that it may cauſe my preſent death. And do not ſuffer me to live a life like a languiſhing death, which is the only life I can lead, if you have loſt any of your tenderneſs for me.

LETTER CCCCI.

Miſs VANHOMRIGH to Dr. SWIFT.

Part of a Letter written in the Year 1720.

IS it poſſible, that again you will do the very ſame thing I warned you of ſo late- I believe you thought I only rallied, when I told you the other night, that I would peſter you with letters. Once more I adviſe you, if you have any regard for your quiet, to alter your behaviour quickly, for I do aſſure you, I have too much ſpirit to ſit down contented with this treatment. Becauſe I love frankneſs extremely,

tremely, I here tell you now, that I have determined to try all manner of human arts to reclaim you; and if all thoſe fail, I am reſolved to have recourſe to the black one, which, it is ſaid, never does. Now ſee what inconveniency you will bring both your ſelf and me into. Pray think calmly of it, is it not much better to come off yourſelf, than to be brought by force, and that perhaps at a time when you have the moſt agreeable engagement in the world: for when I undertake any thing, I don't love to do it by halves.

LETTER CCCCII.

Dr. SWIFT to Miſs VANHOMRIGH.

IF you write as you do I ſhall come the ſeldomer, on purpoſe to be pleaſed with your letters, which I never look into without wondering how a brat that cannot read can poſſibly write ſo well. You are miſtaken: ſend me a letter without

your hand on the outſide, and I hold you a crown I ſhall not read it. But raillery apart, I think it inconvenient, for a hundred reaſons, that I ſhould make your houſe a ſort of conſtant dwelling place. I will certainly come as often as I conveniently can; but my health, and the perpetual run of ill weather, hinders me from going out in the morning; and my afternoons are taken up I know not how, that I am in rebellion with a dozen of people beſide yourſelf, for not ſeeing them. For the reſt, you need make uſe of no other black art beſides your ink. It is a pity your eyes are not black, or I would have ſaid the ſame: but you are a white witch, and can do no miſchief. If you have employed any of your art on the black ſcarf, I defy it, for one reaſon — gueſs. Adieu.

LETTER CCCCIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Miſs VANHOMRIGH.

I Received your letter when ſome company was with me on *Saturday* night, and it put me in ſuch confuſion that I could not tell what to do. This morning a woman, who does buſineſs for me, told me ſhe heard I was in love with one — naming you, and twenty particulars; that little Maſter —— and I viſited you; and that the archbiſhop did ſo; and that you had abundance of wit, *&c.* I ever feared the tattle of this naſty town, and told you ſo: and that was the reaſon why I ſaid to you long ago, that I would ſee you ſeldom when you were in *Ireland*; and I muſt beg you to be eaſy, if, for ſome time, I viſit you ſeldomer, and not in ſo particular a manner. I will ſee you at the latter end of the week, if poſſible. Theſe are accidents in life that are neceſſary, and muſt be ſubmitted to; and tattle, by the help of diſcretion, will wear off.

LETTER CCCCIV.

Miſs VANHOMRIGH to Dr. SWIFT.

Sellbridge, 1720.

TELL me ſincerely, if you have once wiſhed with earneſtneſs to ſee me, ſince I wrote to you: no, ſo far from that you have not once pitied me, though I told you how I was diſtreſſed. Solitude is inſupportable to a mind which is not eaſy. I have worn out my days in ſigh ing, and my nights with watching, and thinking of — who thinks not of me. How many letters ſhall I ſend you before I receive an anſwer? Can you deny me, in my miſery, the only comfort which I can expect at preſent? Oh! that I could hope to ſee you here, or that I could go to you. I was born with violent paſſions, which terminate all in one, that unexpreſſible paſſion I have for you. Conſider the killing emotions which I feel from your neglect of me; and ſhew ſome tenderneſs

derneſs for me, or I ſhall loſe my ſenſes. Sure you cannot poſſibly be ſo much taken up, but you might command a moment to write to me, and force your inclinations to ſo great a charity. I firmly believe, if I could know your thoughts (which no human creature is capable of gueſſing at, becauſe never any one living thought like you) I ſhould find you had often, in a rage, wiſhed me religious, hoping then I ſhould have paid my devotions to heaven: but that would not ſpare you; for were I an enthuſiaſt, ſtill you'd be the deity I ſhould worſhip. What marks are there of a deity, but what you are to be known by? You are at preſent every where: your dear image is always before my eyes. Sometimes you ſtrike me with that prodigious awe I tremble with fear: at other times a charming compaſſion ſhines through your countenance, which revives my ſoul. Is it not more reaſonable to adore a radiant form one has ſeen, than one only deſcribed?

LETTER CCCCV.

Part of an Anſwer from CADENUS to VANESSA*.

IF you knew how many little difficulties there are in ſending letters to you, it would remove five parts in ſix of your quarrel. But ſince you lay hold of my promiſes, and are ſo exact to the day, I ſhall promiſe you no more, and rather chuſe to be better than my word than worſe. I am confident you came chiding into the world, and will continue ſo while you are in it. I wonder what *Mobkin* † meant by ſhewing you my letter. I will write to her no more, ſince ſhe can keep ſecrets no better. It was the firſt love-letter I have writ theſe dozen years; and ſince I have ſo ill ſucceſs, I will write no more. Never was a belle

* This letter has no date; but it muſt have been written in the life-time of Miſs *Mary Vanhomrigh*, *Vaneſſa*'s ſiſter, who died in 1717, becauſe ſhe is deſired to mind her nurſe-keeping.

† Miſs *Mary Vanhomrigh*.

paſſion ſo defeated. But the governour, I hear, is jealous; and, upon your word, you have a vaſt deal to ſay to me about it. Mind your nurſe-keeping: do your duty, and leave off your huffing. One would think you were in love, by dating your letter *Auguſt* 29, by which means I received it juſt a month before it was written. You do not find I anſwer your queſtions to your ſatisfaction: Prove to me firſt that it was even poſſible to anſwer any thing to your ſatisfaction, ſo as that you would not grumble in half an hour. I am glad my writing puzzles you, for then your time will be employed in finding it out: and I am ſure it coſts me a great many thoughts to make my letters difficult. Yeſterday I was half way towards you where I dined, and returned weary enough. I aſked where that road to the left led, and they named the place. I wiſh your letters were as difficult as mine, for then they would be of no conſequence, if they were dropped by careleſs meſſengers. A ſtroke — ſignifies every thing that may be ſaid

to *Cad*—— at beginning or concluſion. It is I who ought to be in a huff, that any thing written by *Cad*—— ſhould be difficult to *Skinage*.

LETTER CCCCVI.

Dr. SWIFT to VANESSA.

October 15, 1720.

I Sit down with the firſt opportunity I have to write to you, and the Lord knows when I can find conveniency to ſend this letter; for all the morning I am plagued with impertinent viſits, below any man of ſenſe or honour to endure, if it were any way avoidable. Dinners and afternoons and evenings are ſpent abroad in walking, to keep and avoid ſpleen as far as I can: ſo that when I am not ſo good a correſpondent as I could wiſh, you are not to quarrel and be governor; but to impute it to my ſituation, and to conclude infallibly, that I have the ſame reſpect and kind-

neſs

neſs for you I ever profeſſed to have, and ſhall ever preſerve, becauſe you will always merit the utmoſt that can be given you, eſpecially if you go on to read and ſtill further improve your mind, and the talents that nature hath given you. I am in much concern for poor *Mobkin*; and the more, becauſe I am ſure you are ſo too. You ought to be as cheerful as you can, for both our ſakes, and read pleaſant things that will make you laugh, and not ſit mopeing with your elbows on your knees on a little ſtool by the fire. It is moſt infallible that riding would do *Mobkin* more good than any other thing, provided fair days and warm cloaths be provided: and ſo it would to you; and if you loſe any ſkin, you know *Job* ſays, ſkin for ſkin will a man give for his life. It is either *Job* or *Satan* ſays ſo, for ought you know. I am getting an ill head in this curſed town, for want of exerciſe. I wiſh I were to walk with you fifty times about your garden, and then drink your coffee. I was ſitting laſt night with half a ſcore of both ſexes for an hour,

and

and grew as weary as a dog. Every body grows ſilly and diſagreeable, or I grow monkiſh and ſplenetick; which is the ſame thing. Converſation is full of nothing but South Sea, and the ruin of the kingdom, and ſcarcity of money.

LETTER CCCCVII.

Dr. SWIFT to VANESSA.

Gallſtown, near Kinnegad, July the 5th, 1721.

IT was not convenient, hardly poſſible, to write to you before now, though I had a more than ordinary deſire to do it, conſidering the diſpoſition I found you in laſt; though I hope I left you in a better. I muſt here beg you take more care of your health by company and exerciſe, or elſe the ſpleen will get the better of you, than which there is not a more fooliſh or troubleſome diſeaſe, and what you have no pretences to in the world, if all the advantages of life can be any defence againſt it. *Cadenus* —— aſſures me, he continues to eſteem, and love,

love, and value you above all things, and ſo will do to the end of his life; but at the ſame time intreats that you would not make yourſelf or him unhappy by imaginations. The wiſeſt men of all ages have thought it the beſt courſe to ſeize the minutes as they fly, and to make every innocent action an amuſement. If you knew how I ſtruggle for a little health, what uneaſineſs I am at in riding and walking, and refraining from every thing agreeable to my taſte, you would think it but a ſmall thing to take a coach now and then, and to converſe with fools or impertinents to avoid ſpleen and ſickneſs. Without health you will loſe all deſire of drinking coffee, and be ſo low as to have no ſpirits. Pray write to me cheerfully, without complaints or expoſtulations, or elſe *Cadenus* ſhall know it and puniſh you. What is this world without being as eaſy in it as prudence and fortune can make it. I find it every day more ſilly and inſignificant, and I conform myſelf to it for my own eaſe. I am here as deeply employed in other folk's

folk's plantations and ditches as if they were my own concern; and think of my abſent friends with delight, and hopes of ſeeing them happy, and of being happy with them. Shall you, who have ſo much honour and good ſenſe, act otherwiſe, to make *Cad* —— and yourſelf miſerable. Settle your affairs, and quit this ſcoundrel iſland, and things will be as you deſire. I can ſay no more, being called away. *Mais ſoyez aſſurée, que jamais perſonne au monde n'a éte aimée, honorée, eſtimeè, adoree par votre ami que vous.* I have drank no coffee ſince I left you, nor intend it till I ſee you again: there is none worth drinking but yours, if myſelf may be the judge. Adieu.

LET-

LETTER CCCCVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to VANESSA.

Clogher. June the 1ſt, 1722.

THE weather has been ſo conſtantly bad that I have wanted all the healthy advantages of the country, and it ſeems likely to continue ſo. It would have been infinitely better once a week to have met at *Kendal*, and ſo forth, where one might paſs three or four hours in drinking coffee in the morning, or dining *tete a tete*, drinking coffee again till ſeven. God ſend you through your law-ſuit, and your reference. And remember that riches are nine parts in ten of all that is good in life, and health is the tenth; drinking coffee comes long after, and yet it is the eleventh; but without the two former you cannot drink it right: and remember the china in the old houſe, and *Rider-ſtreet*, and the colonel's journey to *France*, and the *London* wedding, and the ſick lady

lady at *Kenſington*, and the indiſpoſition at *Windſor*, and the ſtrain by the box of books at *London*. Laſt year I writ you civilities, and you were angry. This year I will write you none, and you will be angry; yet my thoughts were ſtill the ſame.—*Croyez que je ſerois toujours tout ce que vous deſirez. Adieu.*

LETTER CCCCIX.

Dr. SWIFT to VANESSA.

Loughgall, County of Armagh, July 13, 1722.

I Am well pleaſed with the account of your viſit, and the behaviour of the ladies. I ſee every day as ſilly things among both ſexes, and yet endure them for the ſake of amuſement. The worſt thing in you and me is, that we are too hard to pleaſe; and whether we have not made ourſelves ſo, is the queſtion, at leaſt I believe we have the ſame reaſon. One thing that I differ from you in, is, that I do not quarrel with my beſt friends. I be-

I believe you have ten angry paſſages in your letter, and every one of them enough to ſpoil two days apiece of riding and walking. We differ prodigiouſly in one point: I fly from the ſpleen to the world's end; you run out of your way to meet it. I doubt the bad weather has hindered you much from the diverſions of your country houſe, and put you upon thinking in your chamber. The uſe I have made of it, was to read, I know not how many, diverting books of hiſtory and travels. I wiſh you would get yourſelf a horſe, and have always two ſervants to attend you, and viſit your neighbours; the worſe the better: there is a pleaſure in being reverenced; and that is always in your power, by your ſuperiority of ſenſe, and an eaſy fortune. The beſt maxim I know in this life is, to drink your coffee when you can; and when you cannot, to be eaſy without it: while you continue to be ſplenetick, count upon it, I will always preach. Thus much I ſympathize with you, that I am not cheerful enough to write; for

I be-

I believe coffee, once a week, is neceſſary to that. I can ſincerely anſwer all your queſtions as I uſed to do; but then I give all poſſible way to amuſements, becauſe they preſerve my temper, as exerciſe does my health; and without health and good humour I had rather be a dog. I have ſhifted ſcenes oftener than ever I did in my life, and I believe have lain in thirty beds ſince I left town, and always drew up the cloaths with my left hand; which is a ſuperſtition I have learned theſe ten years. I long to ſee you in figure and equipage. Pray do not loſe that taſte. Farewel.

LET-

LETTER CCCCX.

Dr. SWIFT to Miſs VANHOMRIGH.

Auguſt 7, 1722.

I Am this hour leaving my preſent reſidence; and if I fix any where ſhall let you know it.

A long vacation.—Law lies aſleep, and bad weather. How do you wear away the time? Is it among the groves and fields of your country ſeat, or among your couſins in town; or thinking in a train that will be ſure to vex you; and then reaping, and forming teaſing concluſions from miſtaken thoughts. The beſt companion for you is a philoſopher; whom you would regard as much as a ſermon. I have read more traſh ſince I left you, than would fill all your ſhelves, and am abundantly the better for it, though I ſcarce remember a ſyllable.

What a fooliſh thing is time; and how fooliſh is man, who would be as angry if time ſtopt as if it paſſed. But I will not proceed at this rate; for I am writing, and thinking myſelf faſt into the ſpleen, which is the only thing I would not compliment you by imitating. So adieu till the next place I fix in.

LETTER CCCCXI.

By Dr. SWIFT; but when or to whom written is uncertain.

EVERY ſquire, almoſt to a man, is an oppreſſor of the clergy; a racker of his tenants; a jobber of all publick works; very proud, and generally illiterate. Two neighbouring ſquires, although they be intimate friends, relations, or allies, if one of them want one hundred foot of the other's land contiguous to his own, which would make any building ſquare, or his garden uniform

(without the leaſt inconveniency to the other) he ſhall be abſolutely refuſed; or (as the utmoſt mark of friendſhip) ſhall be forced to pay for it twenty times more than the value. This they call, paying for your conveniency: which is directly contrary to the very letter of an ancient heathen maxim in morality—That whatever benefit we can confer upon another, without injuring ourſelves, we are bound to do it to a perfect ſtranger. The ſquires take the titles of great men, with as little ceremony, as *Alexander* or *Cæſar*. For inſtance, the great *Conolly* —— the great *Weſely* — the great *Damer*.

A fellow, whoſe father was a butcher, deſiring a lawyer to be a referee in ſome little brangle between him and his neighbour, complained that the lawyer excuſed himſelf in the following manner: Sir, I am your moſt humble ſervant; but dare not venture to interfere in the quarrels of you great men: which I take to be juſt of a piece with *Harlequin*'s ſwearing upon his honour. Jealouſies, quarrels, and other ruptures, are as frequent be-

tween neighbouring ſquires, and from the ſame motives: the former brangling about their mears and bounds, as the others do about their frontiers. The deteſtable tyranny and oppreſſion of landlords are viſible in every part of the kingdom.

LETTER CCCCXII.

Dr. SWIFT to the Reverend Mr. WORRALL.

Gallſtown, September the 14th, 1721.

DEAR JACK,

I ANSWERED your letter long ago, and have little to ſay at preſent. I believe I ſhall be in town by the beginning of next month, although a fit of good weather would tempt me a week longer; for I never ſaw or heard of ſo long a continuance of bad, which has hindered me from ſeveral little rambles I intended; but I row or ride every day, in ſpite of the rain, in ſpite of a broken ſkin, and

falling into the lakes, and ſeveral other trifling accidents. Pray what have you done with the *Litchfield* man? Hath he mended his voice, or is he content to ſit down with his *Chriſtchurch* preferment? I doubt Mrs. *Brent* will be at a loſs about her induſtry-books, for want of a new leaf, with a liſt drawn of the debtors. I know you are ſuch a bungler you cannot do it, and therefore I deſire that you would, in a looſe ſheet of paper, make a ſurvey liſt in your bungling manner, as ſoon as ſhe wants it, and let that ſerve till I come. Preſent my ſervice to Mrs. *Worrall*, I wonder how you and ſhe and your heir have ſpent the ſummer, and how often you have been at *Dunleary*, and whether you have got her another horſe, and whether ſhe hates dying and the country as much as ever. —Deſire Mrs. *Brent*, if a meſſenger goes from hence, to give him my fuſtian waiſtcoat, becauſe the mornings grow cold. I have now and then ſome threatnings with my head; but have never been abſolutely giddy above a minute, and cannot com-

plain of my health, I thank God. Pray ſend them incloſed to the poſt-office. I hear you have let your houſe to Mrs. *Dopping*, who will be a good tenant if ſhe lives. I ſuppoſe your new houſe is finiſhed, and if Mrs. *Worrall* does not air it well, it may get you a new wife, which I would not have you tell her, becauſe it will do the buſineſs better than a boat at *Dalky*. I hope you have ordered an account of abſent vicars, and that their behaviour has not been ſo bad as uſual during my ſickneſs in town; if ſo, I have but an ill ſub-dean.

I am, Sir, your's, *&c.*

P. S. Tell Mrs. *Brent*, that, if *Loyd* agrees, I will but be glad one of his hogſheads was left unrack'd.

LETTER CCCCXIII.

Dr. SWIFT to the Reverend Mr. WORRALL.

Quilca, July the 12th, 1725.

I HAVE received your letter, and thank you heartily for it. I know not any body, except yourſelf, who would have been at ſo much trouble to aſſiſt me, and who could have ſo good ſucceſs, which I take as kindly as if you had ſaved me from utter ruin. Although I have witneſſes that I acted with indifferency enough, when I was ſure I was not worth a groat, beſides my goods. There appears to be only one hundred pounds remaining, according to my account (except this laſt quarter) and if I loſe it, it is a trifle in compariſon of what you have recovered for me. I think Mr. *Pratt* hath acted very generouſly, and like a true friend, as I always took him to be; and I have likewiſe good witneſſes to

ſwear, that I was more concerned at his misfortunes than my own. And ſo repeating my thanks to you, but not able to expreſs them as I ought, I ſhall ſay no more on this ſubject, only that you may enquire where the money may be ſafely put out at ſix pounds *per cent*. I beg pardon that I did not compute the intereſt of Sir *William Fownes*'s money, which reduces what is due to me about fifty-nine pounds. — All of conſequence is my note to him for one hundred pounds.

I gave over all hopes of my hay, as much as I did of my money; for I reckoned the weather had ruined it; but your good management can conquer the weather. But *Charles Grattan*, the critic, ſays the cocks are too large, conſidering the bad weather, and that there is danger they may heat. You know beſt.

Mrs. *Johnſon* ſays you are an ill manager; for you have loſt me above three hundred apples, and only ſaved me twelve hundred pounds.

Do not tell me of difficulties how to keep the — from the wall-fruit *. You

* In *Naboth*'s vineyard.

have

have got ſo ill a reputation by getting my money, that I can take no excuſe; and I will have the thing effectually done, though it ſhould coſt me ten groats. Pray let the ground be levelled as you pleaſe, as it muſt likewiſe be new dunged, as good huſbandry requires; friend *Ellis* will aſſiſt you.

I am quite undone by the knavery of *Sherriff* and *White*, and all you have done for me with Mr. *Pratt* ſignifies nothing, if I muſt loſe ten pounds.

I had your letter about Mrs. *Johnſon*'s money, and ſhe thanks you for your care; and ſays, conſidering her poverty, you have done as much for her as for me. But I thought my letter to you was enough, without a letter of attorney; for all money matters I am the greateſt cully alive.

Little good may do you with your favourable weather; we have had but five good days theſe twelve weeks.

The ladies are pretty well; but Mrs. *Johnſon*, after a fortnight's great amendment, had yeſterday a very bad day; ſhe

is

is now much better. They both preſent their humble ſervice to Mrs. *Worrell*, and ſo do I, and am ever yours, *&c.*

Jo. who brings you this, deſired me to lend him twenty pounds, which I very prudently refuſed; but ſaid, if he would leave the worth of it in ſoap and candles in the deanry-houſe, Mrs. *Brent* viewing them, I would empower you, as I do hereby, to pay him twenty pounds, and place it to my account.

JONATH. SWIFT.

Pray deſire Mrs. *Brent* to have ready a hogſhead of bottles packed up as uſual, of the ſame wine with the laſt ſhe ſent, and the next carrier ſhall have orders to call for it.

Let Mrs. *Brent* take out what candles or ſoap are neceſſary for the ladies, and only as much as will empty two of the boxes, that *Jo.* may have them; I mean out of thoſe boxes which he is to leave at the deanry for my ſecurity for the twenty pounds, which he is to receive from you.

LET-

LETTER CCCCXIV.

Dr. SWIFT to the Reverend Mr. WORRALL.

In Ship-ſtreet, Quilca, Auguſt the 27th, 1725.

I WAS heartily ſorry to hear you had got the gout, being a diſeaſe you have ſo little pretence to; for you have been all your life a great walker, and a little drinker. Although it be no matter how you got your diſeaſe, ſince it was not by your vices; yet I do not love to think I was an inſtrument, by leading you a walk of eight or nine miles, where your pride to ſhew your activity in leaping down a ditch hurt your foot in ſuch a manner, as to end in your preſent diſeaſe.

I have not yet heard of Mr. *Webb*, and if he ſhould come here, I can do nothing with him; for I ſhall not take my own judgment, but leave it to ſome able lawyer to judge and recommend the ſecurity; for

for now it is time for me to learn ſome worldly wiſdom.

I thank you for the purchaſe you have made of *Briſtow* beer; it will ſoon pay for itſelf, by ſaving me many a bottle of wine; but I am afraid it is not good for your gout.

My deafneſs hath left me above three weeks, and therefore I expect a viſit from it ſoon; and it is ſomewhat leſs vexatious here in the country, becauſe none are about me but thoſe who are uſed to it.

Mrs. *Worrall*'s obſervation is like herſelf; ſhe is an abſolute corrupted city lady, and does not know the pleaſures of the country, even of this place, with all its millions of inconveniencies. But Mrs. *Dingley* is of her opinion, and would rather live in a *Dublin* cellar than a country palace.

I would fain have a ſhed thrown up in the fartheſt corner of *Naboth*'s vineyard, towards the lower end of *Shebbs*'s garden, till I can find leiſure and courage to build a better in the center of the field. Can it be done?

The

The weather continues as foul as if there had not been a day of rain in the ſummer, and it will have ſome very ill effect on the kingdom.

I gave *Jack Grattan* the papers corrected, and I think half ſpoiled, by the cowardly caution of him and others. He promiſed to tranſcribe them time enough, and my deſire is they may be ready to be publiſhed upon the firſt day the parliament meets. I hope you will contrive it among you that it may be ſent unknown (as uſual) to ſome printer, with proper directions. I had lately a letter without a name, telling me, that I have got a ſop to hold my tongue, and that it is determined we muſt have that grievance, *&c.* forced on us.

My intention is to return about the beginning of *October*, if my occaſions do not hinder me. Before that time it will be ſeen how the parliament will act. Them who talk with me think they will be ſlaves as uſual, and led where the government pleaſes.

My

My humble ſervice to Mrs. *Worrall*. The ladies preſent theirs to you both.

J. SWIFT.

LETTER CCCCXV.

Dr. SWIFT to the Reverend Mr. WORRALL.

Quilca, Auguſt the 31ſt, 1725.

I HAVE yours of the 28th. I am ſtill to acknowledge and thank you for the care of my little affairs. I hope I ſhall not want the ſilver; for I hope to be in town by the beginning of *October*, unleſs extreme good weather ſhall invite me to continue.

Since *Wood*'s patent is cancelled, it will by no means be convenient to have the paper printed, as I ſuppoſe you, and *Jack Grattan*, and *Sherridan* will agree; therefore, if it be with the printer, I would have it taken back, and the preſs broke, and let her be ſatisfied.

The work is done, and there is no more need of the Drapier.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Johnſon* does not underſtand what you mean by her ſtamped linen, and remembers nothing of it; but ſuppoſes it is ſome jeſt.

The ladies are well; all our ſervices to Mrs. *Worrall*. Mrs. *Dingley* at laſt diſcovered the meaning of the ſtamped linen, which makes that part of my letter needleſs.

Pray pay *Jo. Beaumont* four pounds for a horſe I bought from him, and place it to my account.

J. S.

When *Jo.* brings you a piece of linen of twenty-four yards, pray put my name upon it, and pay him ſix pounds, eight ſhillings.

LET-

LETTER CCCCXVI.

Dr. SWIFT to the Reverend Mr. WORRALL.

London, April 16th, 1726.

THE ladies have told you all my adventures, and I hear you are ruining me with dung. I have writ ſeveral times to the ladies, and ſhall ſoon do ſo again. I ſend you incloſed the bill of lading for a picture that has lain long at ſea; you will be ſo kind to get it out of the cuſtom-houſe. Mr. *Medlicot* will make it eaſy, if there ſhould be any difficulties. My humble ſervice to Mrs. *Worrall*, and the ladies and all my friends. I thank God I am in pretty good health. I have now company with me; I can ſay no more. I hope you are all well.

I got no voice at *Oxford*; but am endeavouring for one here.

LET-

LETTER CCCCXVII.

Dr. SWIFT to the Reverend Mr. WORRALL.

Auguſt 15th, 1726.

THIS is *Saturday*, and on *Monday* I ſet out for *Ireland*. I deſired you would ſend me a letter to *Cheſter*. I ſuppoſe I ſhall be in *Dublin* with moderate fortune in ten or eleven days hence; for I will go by *Holyhead*. I ſhall ſtay two days at *Cheſter*, unleſs I can contrive to have my box ſent after me. I hope I ſhall be with you by the end of *Auguſt*; but however, if I am not with you by the ſecond of *September*, which is the time that my licence is out, I deſire you will get me a new one; for I would not lie at their mercy, though I know it ſignifies nothing. I expect to be very miſerable when I come; but I ſhall be prepared for it. I deſired you would write to me to *Cheſter*, which I hope you

will do; and pray hinder Dr. *Sherridan* from writing to me any more.

This is all I have to ſay to you at preſent.

I am, *&c.*

J. SWIFT.

LETTER CCCCXVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to the Reverend Mr. WORRALL.

Market-Hill, Jan. 4, 1728.

I HAD your long letter, and thank you heartily for your concern about my health. I continue very deaf and giddy; but however, I would certainly come to town not only for my viſitation, but becauſe in theſe circumſtances, and in winter, I had rather be at home. But it is now *Saturday* night, and that beaſt *Sherridan* is not yet come, although it has been thawing ſince *Monday*. If I do not come you know what to do.

My humble ſervice to our friends, as uſual.

LET-

LETTER CCCCXIX.

Dr. SWIFT to the Reverend Mr. WORRALL.

Market-Hill, Jan. 13. 1728-9.

I JUST received your letter, and ſhould never have done if I returned you thanks ſo often as I ought for your care and kindneſs; both my diſorders ſtill continue; however, I deſire that Mrs. *Brent* may make things ready, for my raggedneſs will ſoon force me away. I have been now ill about a month, but the family are ſo kind to ſpeak loud enough for me to hear them; and my deafneſs is not ſo extream as you have known, when I have fretted at your mannerly voice, and was only relieved by Mrs. *Worrall.*

I ſend you incloſed the fruit of my illneſs, to make an Intelligencer; I deſire you will incloſe it in a letter to Mrs. *Harding*, and let your letter be in an unknown hand, and deſire her to

ſhew it to the author of the Intelligencer, and to print it if he thinks fit. There is a letter, you will find, that is to be prefixed before the verſes, which letter is grounded on a report, and if that report be falſe, the former part of the letter will be unſeaſonable, but the latter will not, and therefore the Intelligencer muſt be deſired to alter it accordingly.

It ſhould be ſent ſoon, to come time enough for the next Intelligencer.

Pray, in your letter to Mrs. *Harding*, deſire her to make her people be more correct, and that the Intelligencer himſelf may look over it, for that every body who reads thoſe papers, are very much offended with the continual nonſenſe made by her printers.

I am your's,

D. SWIFT.

LET-

LETTER CCCCXX.

Dr. SWIFT to the Reverend Mr. WORRALL.

Market-Hill, Jan. 18, 1728-9.

I HAVE your's of the 14th inſtant, but you had not then received my laſt, in which was incloſed a paper for the Intelligencer, which I hope you have diſpoſed of as deſired. My diſorder ſtill continues the ſame for this fortnight paſt, and am neither better nor worſe. However, I reſolve to return on the firſt mending of the weather; theſe three laſt days there being as violent a ſtorm as I have known, which ſtill continues: we have been told my lord *Martcaſſell* is dead at *Drogheda*, but believe it to be a lie. However, he is ſo tender, and affects ſo much vigour and fatigue, that we have been in pain about him.

I had a letter two days ago, which coſt me ſix ſhillings and four-pence; it conſiſted of the probate of a will in *Leiceſ-*

terſhire, and of two incloſed letters, and was beyond the weight of letters franked. When I went a lad to my mother, after the revolution, ſhe brought me acquainted with a family where there was a daughter with whom I was acquainted. My prudent mother was afraid I ſhould be in love with her; but when I went to *London*, ſhe married an inn-keeper in *Loughborow*, in that county, by whom ſhe had ſeveral children. The old mother died, and left all that ſhe had to her daughter aforeſaid, ſeparate from her huſband. This woman (my miſtreſs with a pox) left ſeveral children, who are all dead but one daughter, *Ann* by name. This *Ann*, for it muſt be ſhe, about ſeven years ago writ to me from *London*, to tell me ſhe was daughter of *Betty Jones*, for that was my miſtreſſes name, till ſhe was married to one *Perkins*, inn-keeper, at the *George* in *Loughborow*, as I ſaid before. The ſubject of the girl's letter was, that a young lady of good fortune was courted by an *Iriſhman*, who pretended to be barrack-maſter-general

of *Ireland*, and desired me, as an old acquaintance of her mother *Betty Jones*, alias *Perkins*, to enquire about this *Irishman*. I answered, that I knew him not, but supposed he was a cheat; I heard no more. But now comes a letter to me from this *Betty Jones*, alias *Perkins*, to let me know, that her daughter *Ann Giles*, married an *Irishman*, one *Giles*, and was now come over to *Ireland* to pick up some debts due to her husband, which she could not get, that the young widow (for her husband *Giles* is dead) hath a mind to settle in *Ireland*, and to desire I would lend her daughter *Giles* three guineas, which her mother will pay me when I draw upon her in *England*, and Mrs. *Giles* writes me a letter to that purpose. She intends to take a shop, and will borrow the money from Mrs. *Brent* (whose name she hath learned) and pay me as others do. I was at first determined to desire you would, from me, make her a present of five pounds, on account of her mother and grandmother, whom my mother used to call

couſin. She hath ſent me an atteſted copy of her mother's will, which, as I told you, coſt me ſix ſhillings and four-pence. But I am in much doubt; for by her mother's letters, ſhe is her heireſs, and the grandmother left *Betty Jones*, alias *Perkins*, the mother of this woman in *Dublin*, all ſhe had, as a ſeparate maintenance from her huſband (who proved a rogue) to the value of five hundred pounds. Now, I cannot conceive why ſhe would let her only daughter and heireſs come to *Ireland*, without giving her money to bear her charges here, and put her in ſome way. The woman's name is *Ann Giles*, ſhe lodges at one Mrs. *Wilmot*'s, the firſt houſe in *Moleſworth-court*, on the right hand, in *Fiſhamble-ſtreet*. I have told you this long ſtory, to deſire you will ſend for the woman, this *Ann Giles*, and examine her ſtrictly, to find if ſhe be the real daughter of *Elizabeth Jones*, alias *Perkins*, or no, and how her mother, who is ſo well able, came to ſend her in ſo miſerable a condition to *Ireland*. The errand is ſo romantic,

mantic, that I know not what to ſay to it. I would be ready to ſacrifice five pounds, on old acquaintance, to help the woman; I ſuſpect her mother's letters to be counterfeit, for I remember ſhe ſpells like a kitchen maid. And ſo I end this worthy buſineſs.

My bookſeller, Mr. *Motte*, by my recommendation, dealt with Mr. *Hyde*; there are ſome accounts between them, and *Hyde* is in his debt. He hath deſired me to ſpeak to Mr. *Hyde*'s executors to ſtate the account, that Mr. *Motte* may be in a way to recover the balance. I wiſh you would ſtep to Mr. *Hyde*'s houſe, and enquire how that matter ſtands, and how Mr. *Motte* is to be paid. I ſuppoſe Mr. *Hyde* died in good circumſtances, and that there will be no danger of his creditors ſuffering by his death.

I incloſe a letter to Mr. *Motte*, which you will be ſo kind to ſend to the poſt-office.

I deſire likewiſe that you will make Mrs. *Brent* buy a bottle of uſquebaugh, and leave it with the woman who keeps

Sir *Arthur Acheſon*'s houſe in *Capel-ſtreet*, and deſire her to deliver it to captain *Creichton*, who lodges at the *Pyed Horſe*, in *Capel-ſtreet*, and is to bring down other things to my lady *Acheſon*.

My moſt humble ſervice to Mrs. *Worrall*, Mrs. *Dingley*, and love to Mrs. *Brent*.

I wiſh you all a happy new year.

LETTER CCCCXXI.

Dr. SWIFT to JOHN TEMPLE, Eſq;

SIR, Dublin, 1736.

THE letter which I had the favour to receive from you, I read to your couſin, Mrs. *Dingley*, who lodges in my neighbourhood. She was very well pleaſed to hear of your welfare; but a little mortified that you did not mention or enquire after her. She is quite ſunk with years and unwieldineſs; as well as a very ſcanty ſupport. I ſometimes make her a ſmall preſent, as my abilities can reach;

reach; for I do not find her neareſt relations conſider her in the leaſt.

Jervas told me that your * aunt's picture is in Sir *Peter Lilly*'s beſt manner, and the drapery all in the ſame hand. I ſhall think myſelf very well paid for it, if you will be ſo good, as to order ſome mark of your favour to Mrs. *Dingley*. I do not mean a penſion, but a ſmall ſum to put her for once out of debt: and if I live any time, I ſhall ſee that ſhe keep herſelf clear of the world; for ſhe is a woman of as much piety and diſcretion as I have known.

I am ſorry to have been ſo much a ſtranger to the ſtate of your family. I know nothing of your lady or what children you have, or any other circumſtances; neither do I find that Mr. *Hatch* † can inform me in any one point. I very much approve of your keeping up your family-houſe at *Moor-park*. I have heard

* Picture of lady *Giffard*, ſiſter of Sir *William Temple*.

† Mr. *Hatch* of *Dublin*, was agent for Mr. *Temple*'s affairs in *Ireland*, as well as for the eſtate of his brother *Henry* lord *Palmerſton*, to whom the Dean wrote an angry letter in 1725.

it

it is very much changed for the better, as well as the gardens. The tree on which I carved thoſe words, *factum nepotibus umbram*, is one of thoſe elms that ſtand in the hollow ground juſt before the houſe: but I ſuppoſe the letters are widened and grown ſhapeleſs by time.

I know nothing more of your brother, than that he hath an *Iriſh* title (I ſhould be ſorry to ſee you with ſuch a feather) and that ſome reaſon or other drew us into a correſpondence, which was very rough. But I have forgot what was the quarrel.

This letter goes by my lord *Caſtledurrow*, who is a gentleman of very good ſenſe and wit. I ſuſpect, by taking his ſon with him, that he deſigns to ſee us no more. I deſire to preſent my moſt humble ſervice to your Lady * with hearty thanks of her remembrance of me. I am, Sir,

Your moſt humble faithful ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

* Mr. *Temple*'s lady was grand-daughter of Sir *William Temple*, by his only ſon, who died young. She was coheireſs with *Dorothy*, wife of *Nicholas Brown*, of *Shrublandhall* in *Suffolk*, eſquire.

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